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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 337
EDITORIALS:
From California to Maine 340
Majority Rule 341
David Lamson 341
Bending the Bough 342
ISSUES AND MEN. THE MORRO CASTLE AND AFTER. By Oswald Garrison Villard 343
THE ROUT OF REPUBLICANISM. By Raymond Gram Swing . 344
SANCTIFIED BIRTH CONTROL. By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley . 346
PUTILOV'S REVISITED. By Louis Fischer 348
"END POVERTY IN CIVILIZATION." By Upton Sinclair . . . 351
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 352
CORRESPONDENCE 352
LABOR AND INDUSTRY:
The Southern Worker Organizes. By Oliver Carlson 353
Labor Notes 355
BOOKS AND DRAMA:
The World's Great Age. By Joseph Wood Krutch 357
Schoolmaster's Holiday. By William Troy 357
A Footnote on Religion. By Reinhold Niebuhr 358
Roots of National Socialism. By Ludwig Lore 359
Prosperity Regained. By Maxwell S. Stewart 360
Dark-brown Tragedy. By Ferner Nuhn 360
An Aesthetic Dish. By Thomas Craven 360
Recent Fiction 361
Contributors to this Issue 362
Drama: In Them Hills. By Joseph Wood Krutch 364

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ON THE WITNESS STAND, before the Senate committee investigating the sale of munitions, the four du Ponts, members of the firm of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, testified that their business in the war years of 1914-18 paid an average dividend on common stock of 49 per cent. The total gross sales from 1915 through 1918 were $1,245,000,000. Profits on this sum amounted to $250,000,000. Irénée du Pont, doubtless speaking also for his two brothers and his cousin, expressed himself in most forcible language as of the opinion that the munitions industry should remain in private hands. Mr. du Pont does not, understandably enough, wish to inconvenience the goose that lays golden eggs in such large quantities. On the witness stand also, Colonel William N. Taylor, European representative for the du Pont Company, was disclosed as the author of a letter to his home office which contained a pretty bit of prophecy. He wrote on January 18, 1933: "There seems to be the beginning of a decided increase of activity in the ammunition business in Europe. The immediate cause of excitement is the possibility of revolution of the Croats in Serbia, which, if it takes place, will cause considerable trouble."

BUSINESS, in other words, was looking up. And the du Ponts, the Curtiss-Wrights, the manufacturers of poison gas and guns and bombs and all the rest were on the job. They were ready with bribes ("palm oil," "grease," "take care of," "fix," were some of the elegant circumlocutions to avoid the short and ugly word), they jumped in on both sides of a controversy (both Bolivia and Paraguay were customers of Curtiss-Wright), treaties and agreements between nations were scraps of paper to them (there were numerous efforts to sell to the countries involved in the Chaco dispute although the United States embargo on the sale of arms to the Chaco was in effect, and the du Ponts were aware that arms they sold and sent to Holland were designed for Germany in contravention of the Treaty of Versailles). In short, the disclosures which Senator Nye's committee is bringing forth every day make it perfectly clear that not only is the arms business a menace to the peace of the world but it is a dirty business in itself. Fortunately it is not necessary to find words to characterize it further. The words have been pungently supplied by one of its employees. In a letter to Owen Shannon of the Curtiss-Wright Company, dated December 27, 1933, Frank Sheridan Jonas, representing the Remington Arms Company and Federal Laboratories in South America, described the business in which he and his associates were engaged in the following terms:

> The Paraguay and Bolivia fracas appears to be coming to a termination, so business from this end is probably finished. We certainly are in one hell of a business, where a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living, the only consolation being, however, that if we don't get the business someone else will. It would be a terrible state of affairs if my conscience started to bother me now.

And yet, with disclosures about this "hell of a business," requiring neither honor nor conscience, popping about once an hour, it has been decided, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, to move the Senate hearings to a smaller room. *"The testimony,"* it seems, *"has not attracted as many spectators as had been expected"!* (The italics and the exclamation point belong to us.)

THAT BULL in the china shop of labor relations, Hugh Johnson, has lunged again. Choosing with unerring instinct the most delicate moment in the textile strike, hesitating not a second over the fact that an official board appointed by the President himself was busy preparing a report, the country's leading strike-breaker denounced the textile walkout, accused its leaders of bad faith, implied that they had unleashed the "forces of riot and rebellion," and reported that his heart was weeping for George Sloan. This is the second major strike in which the indescribable general, representing a supposedly neutral Administration, has declared himself in favor of the employers and given encouragement to their hysterical henchmen, the red-hunters. It is time that President Roosevelt let the workers know just how official General Johnson's strike-breaking speeches are, particularly in the present walkout, which is above all an NRA strike motivated by the faith of the workers in the New Deal. As for

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Mr. Sloan, he stands in little need of General Johnson's tears. With the insolence of the well-fed he has presumed to say that "the vast majority of the workers in the cotton-textile industry have no dispute with their employers," and continues to repeat that the code raised hourly wage rates 70 per cent. An increase of 70 per cent in, say, Mr. Sloan's income would be impressive. For the cotton-textile worker, whose pay even in the era of prosperity was notoriously low, this grandiose figure represents an increase of 15 cents an hour, from (approximately) 22 to 37 cents; since June he has worked thirty hours a week or less. Such wages, combined with the stretch-out and other abuses, are not calculated to make satisfied workers, Mr. Sloan to the contrary notwithstanding. If further proof is needed of the poverty of the textile operative, particularly in the South, it is to be found in the fact that only a week after those on strike had received their final pay, 70 per cent increase and all, Joseph Shaplen reported in the New York *Times* that "thousands of strikers" were hungry and that "a good deal depended upon the ability of the strike organization to feed at least those families whose condition was described as 'desperate.'" Meanwhile employers and the authorities of the textile States prepare for violence by arming to the teeth, and the only persons seriously hurt in the spreading "riots" continue to be strikers.

WHATEVER THE OUTCOME of the national textile strike, and whatever friction develops between labor leaders and federal officials or among labor leaders themselves, no one can doubt that a new spirit of solidarity has gripped the rank and file of organized labor and that it is ready for the show-down that now appears inevitable. Even the most sanguine expectations of union leaders did not prepare them for the size and spontaneity of this walkout. Since the original strike call went out, we have witnessed the American Federation of Labor giving its support to the strikers—a rare enough action lately—a successful eighteen-hour general strike of all unions and 22,000 workers in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, and the walkout of several thousand hosiery workers in Philadelphia, despite existing contracts and against the wishes of their leaders. These things indicate a ferment not at the top but at the bottom of labor's forces. The Hazleton idea threatens to spread all through the Pennsylvania coal regions in an effort to close mills which are still operating. The strike has also brought other things not so encouraging, such as the calling out of the troops in several States, Rhode Island's fake red scare, and the drastic injunctions issued against Paterson silk dye workers forbidding even discussion of a strike. But these things are not new, while the solid labor front is.

ALTHOUGH THE RECENT CRAZE for Mexico and things Mexican has subsided, a returning traveler from that storied land has seen in action a labor technique which may provide an odd moment of speculation for gringo labor and industry alike. One of the problems developed by the present textile strike is that of federal administration of relief. Well, in Mexico our traveler learned that strikes may be lawful or unlawful, and that they are lawful when, according to the constitution, they "aim to bring about a balance between the various factors of production, and to harmonize the rights of capital and labor." (What more, despite Mr. Sloan and General Johnson, is the textile strike trying to do?) Also, in Mexico when an employer discharges a workman without proper cause or for having joined a union or taken part in a lawful strike, he must, at the option of the worker, either take him back without cavil or provide three months' wages as indemnity. If a strike is declared, workers have the right of embargo, at the discretion of a court of arbitration. Recently President Rodriguez settled a strike of thousands of workers at the Aguilla Oil Company, and one of the provisions was for payment of wages in full during the period of the strike, because it was lawful. The important thing about this Mexican set-up is that both labor and industry seem to be satisfied, and that while exorbitant demands on either side are given short shrift, just grievances receive careful consideration.

THE INDICTMENT of eleven directors of the New York Title and Mortgage Company marks the first attempt to punish the officers and directors of the title companies which fleeced the public of millions of dollars by the sale of so-called guaranteed first-mortgage certificates. After evading the issue for many months, District Attorney Dodge was literally forced to act by the three hundred thousand victims of the guaranteed-mortgage racket who have been demanding prosecution ever since the reprehensible practices of the title companies were revealed at the Moreland investigation in May. The certificate holders demanded action at that time, but District Attorney Dodge, who admitted that the evidence had been in his hands for several months, put them off by telling them that "certain legal technicalities" stood in the way of prosecution. The July grand jury in its investigation of the title companies charged the District Attorney with "lax presentation of evidence." Finally, on August 11, Mr. Dodge appointed three deputies who were "specialists in such matters" to make a thorough investigation. However, the certificate holders were not satisfied with this gesture and on September 6 they picketed the District Attorney's office. The next day Mr. Dodge announced that he had appointed Albert Unger Acting District Attorney so that he himself might devote his entire time to the investigation of the guaranteed-mortgage companies. Though the indictment of the New York Title and Mortgage Company directors has been obtained, the certificate holders should not relax their vigilance. Many lawyers believe that these directors should have been indicted for larceny, not for misdemeanors and felonies. In next week's issue of *The Nation* Harold Seidman will tell the whole sordid story of the guaranteed-mortgage racket.

THE DEFEAT of Josephine Roche in the Democratic primary by the present colorless Governor of Colorado is a misfortune not only for her State but for progress everywhere. It was a rare opportunity for the voters to obtain as the head of the party one who is entirely in accord with the spirit of the New Deal and remarkably fitted to govern the State from a different angle from that of the usual politician. It seems incredible that so true and tried a friend of labor could have lost, but the opposition to her on the part of big business and its press, coupled with a most regrettable prejudice against her sex, seems to have been sufficient to defeat her. Certainly every woman should have welcomed the chance to vote for one of her sex who has shown her-

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self a most enlightened mine-owner, an efficient and humane corporation manager, and a pioneer in social progress. Instead, a mediocre Governor will contend in November with a Republican candidate of exactly similar type. The Governor gives a half-hearted support to the New Deal, while the Republican opposes it. If it is the privilege of every democracy to make sad mistakes, Colorado has most assuredly availed itself of that privilege.

POLAND'S ATTEMPT to denounce the minorities treaty which gives the League of Nations supervision over her racial minorities would win wide sympathy if she had shown some capacity for generosity to the non-Poles committed to her care. The issue raised by Foreign Minister Beck at Geneva is the now increasingly important one of equal status. Poland, flushed with the realization that she is a powerful state of thirty million inhabitants in the heart of Europe, wishes to wipe out the distinction between herself and other states whose minorities are not supervised by foreign authorities. The Polish Minister promised that the minorities should have as much protection without a treaty as with one. The promise will frighten minorities more than it will reassure the League. For, despite the League, Poland has oppressed, persecuted, and outraged many of her non-Polish subjects. The treatment of the Ukrainians, in particular, is one of the brutal chapters of recent European history. The League has not ventured to do much of anything about it. So long as France dominated the League and Poland was the ward of France, complaints against Poland could be easily muffled at Geneva. Poland's plea for equality presupposes that Poland has been mature and just to her minorities. In a sense the Versailles treaty put her on probation. Now to relieve Poland of her responsibility to the League for her treatment of minorities would be to reward her for her persistent disregard of her trust. Britain and France, also parties to the minorities treaty, quickly served notice that they would not tolerate a unilateral denunciation, and Poland is hardly likely to press her point to the logical conclusion of leaving the League.

POLAND'S ACTION made a sensation at Geneva because it set everyone to figuring whither Poland is heading, and stirred up much talk of a partnership between Poland and Germany. The talk is premature. Poland is not so much going somewhere as she is leaving somewhere. She is withdrawing from the alliance with France and setting herself up as an independent unit, unallied with any group. The advent of Hitler, with his promise of restoring Germany to her former strength and influence in the world, made Poland's position as an ally of France somewhat doubtful. France's influence had been waning, and it was an increasing gamble whether the French people would ever want to support Poland in a purely local quarrel with Germany. Poland, too, wanted far more capital than Paris cared to lend. The Poles saw themselves destined more and more to take care of themselves. Just after Hitler came to power Warsaw was ready for a preventive war against Germany. Paris was not. It was the last chance to keep the Franco-Polish alliance alive. Poland turned her back on France, signed a pact of non-aggression with Germany, assured herself of the unchallenged possession of the Corridor for ten years, and began posturing like an adult nation. When political students said that Poland had drifted into the orbit of Germany, Warsaw denied it. Even when Hitler's man, Dr. Rosenberg, sought to lure Poland with a slice of the Russian Ukraine, Warsaw argued that Poland had nothing to gain from lying between a strengthened Germany and a weakened Russia. This still remains the Polish thesis. If Poland only had the innate strength she might well maintain a position of neutrality between Germany and Russia, playing off one against the other as a buffer state must do. The danger is that the drawing power of Germany will prove irresistible.

THE ANALYSIS of the vote cast for Hitler at the recent election shows that the highest percentage—except in the internment camps, which usually went 100 per cent for the man responsible for the imprisonment of those voting—was in Rhenish Bavaria, the Palatinate, with 96.6 per cent. This is really astounding, for the Palatinate is overwhelmingly Catholic, and one might have thought that in view of the murder of a Catholic leader, the protests of the Pope, and the admirable philippics of Cardinal Faulhauber, there would have been a marked dissent. Even in East Prussia, where one would have expected an almost solid vote because the East Prussians feel cut off from the Reich and bound to show their fidelity to it at every opportunity, the vote was but 95.9 per cent. In Upper Bavaria, which is again overwhelmingly agricultural and Catholic, the pro-Hitler vote dropped to 90.9 per cent, while in Lower Bavaria it was 92.6 per cent. The lowest vote for Hitler was cast in Berlin with 81.5 per cent, in contrast to "red Dresden" where the vote was made to come to 91.9 per cent. Cologne and Aix gave 81.8 per cent, the next lowest to Berlin. Of course the question remains of just how many of these figures were faked. An able expatriate thinks the number of protestants was probably between ten and eleven million. All this is but guesswork. At the same time it is inconceivable that the 22,000,000 former Socialist and Communist voters have gone over to their enemies to the extent of three-quarters of their number. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that Dr. Goebbels, who said that the increase of a single no vote would be a bad blow to Germany's standing abroad, has not peeped since the election, and that Hitler's promised campaign to dragoon every protestant into line does not yet seem to have begun.

THE LAST YEARS of Catherine Breshkovsky represent one of the tragic casualties of the Russian Revolution. After working and suffering all through her adult life to bring about the end of tyranny in her native country, after hurrying joyously back from exile in Siberia in 1917 at the age of seventy-four to greet the overthrow of the Czar and the triumph of Kerensky, Breshkovsky found the tides of revolution sweeping into power a new absolutism—the rule of the Bolsheviks. To the old revolutionist the dictatorship of the proletariat was as objectionable as that of the Czar. She considered Lenin and his followers traitors to the cause of freedom and democracy, and tools of the Germans. She left Russia and has since lived in Czecho-Slovakia, an exile from both her country and her cause. The "Little Grandmother" of the revolution became one of its abused stepchildren. It was her lot to be always in the opposition; a humanitarian and a liberal born into a time and a country ruled by ruthless forces, first of reaction and then of revolution.

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From California to Maine

MAINE has added its surprise to the astonishment of Upton Sinclair's nomination in California. Much of the intrinsic importance of the Congressional campaign is already lost in the certainty about its outcome. What remains to be seen in November is how small is the concession which the Democrats must make to the normal swing-back of the political pendulum. They expect to lose from twenty-five to thirty members in the House of Representatives and to gain a few, perhaps six, in the Senate. Their hold in the new Congress will be as sure as in the old. The Republicans never hoped to recapture more than eighty or ninety seats in the House; since the Maine election they can hardly aspire to more than fifty. The Democrats figured they could lose two Congressional seats in Maine, and by that indication still keep a safe majority in the country as a whole. Instead they won two. Our Washington letter points out that the Democrats stand every chance of exceeding a normal expectancy in November. It also calls attention to the significant fact that the mid-term elections have always given an unfailing forecast of the popular vote in the Presidential election to follow. The Republicans sent a number of national speakers into Maine and spent a good deal of money. They were determined to show the country that there was a great recession in the feeling for the President, and that they could take heart all over the country, both as to the results this year and two years hence. The outcome makes them look very small indeed.

It was too much to hope that Senator Hale would be defeated in Maine for a fourth term. But it would have been a blessing if this small-minded, imperialistic, and big-navy Senator could have been retired to private life. He adds nothing to the dignity or the value of the Senate. There is better hope of getting rid of Simeon Fess in Ohio, but the chance of defeating Senator Robinson in Indiana, something also greatly to be desired, seems not so good as it seemed three months ago. It will be surprising if the Democrats hold their own in that State, where a Democratic governor has been a serious disappointment, notably in tinkering with State institutions.

In New York, surprisingly enough, the Republicans in revolt from the leadership of W. Kingsland Macy, the State chairman, instead of selecting James W. Wadsworth for the governorship have offered the honor to New York City's vigorous park commissioner, Robert Moses. Among New York Republicans are three men who are being mentioned for the Presidency, not one of them qualified for the office. These men are Wadsworth, Congressman Bertrand H. Snell, and Ogden Mills. Inconspicuous as Snell is, his friends really believe that he has a chance. They argue that the nomination must go to New York if Roosevelt is to be beaten, and that Wadsworth and Mills will kill each other off. They actually imagine Snell being acclaimed as the leader and savior of the Republican Party!

As for Wadsworth, who will support Moses while pursuing his own candidacy for Congress, he entered politics at twenty-seven, a man of personal attractiveness, bearing a historic name—his grandfather fell in the Wilderness as a major general and his father had been a Congressman for years—and it seemed that a great political career lay before him. In 1905 he became Speaker of the Assembly, ended the graft in connection with that office for the first time in a generation, and showed real talent as a parliamentarian. But in two years politics "got him." Personally honest, his influence in Albany could have been little different if he had been the worst of the political crooks who then dominated the State organization and lined their own pockets at every opportunity. To his credit it must be said that he showed courage in coming out early for the defeat of prohibition, and refused to yield under pressure on this and other issues. But that Jim Wadsworth should be considered by anybody as a fit candidate to defeat Franklin Roosevelt is almost inconceivable. The President is fortunate indeed in his adversaries.

In South Carolina is to be marked a change from Southern traditions. Olin Johnson, who began his career as a sweeper in a cotton mill, did not hesitate to exploit this fact and to indorse organized labor in his campaign, at a time when the textile strike had aroused much public hostility. He won the nomination for governor in the second, or run-off, primary. The majority of legislative candidates were also pro-labor. Johnson's platform was chiefly of local interest, with such planks as three-dollar automobile license tags, fairer treatment for teachers in the public schools, the subordination of the highway commission to State authority, and exemption from taxation of small homes and farms. The outstanding "aristocrat" in the first primary, J. C. Sheppard, was the one candid anti-labor candidate, and he was snowed under.

The result of the Colorado primary (to which we refer in a special paragraph) and the increase of the Republican vote in the Michigan primary are offset by the gain in the number of Democratic voters in many other States. Some swing-back is unavoidable. Even in November, 1898, after a successful foreign war, the large Republican majority of 1896 was severely cut in the normal reaction against the party in power. But it is obvious that the Republicans have not begun to recover from their disaster of two years ago. What is still more serious, they show no sign of having learned anything from that experience, except for the single instance of the Moses nomination. If the Republicans dream of coming back to power as the conservative party in America they might devote themselves to a thoughtful study of the Conservative Party of Great Britain. We hold no brief for British conservatism, but it does understand that leadership in an industrial democracy cannot ignore the need of a social fabric strong enough to bear the strain of a depression. British Tories would not gloss over, as have the Republicans, the evasion of trusteeship by those controlling the concentrated financial power of the nation. Part of Tory political philosophy, too, has been nourished by the humanity of Disraeli. The novels of that statesman would make more instructive reading for Republicans in search of a campaign victory than the recent literary outpourings of Herbert Hoover.

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Majority Rule

LABOR must be protected in its rights of self-organization. The President's interpretation of Section 7-a must be upheld. Rationalizing its behavior by appealing to both of these lofty ideals, the National Association of Manufacturers offers comfort and aid to any employer who wishes to fight majority rule in collective bargaining. Specifically, it stands ready to encourage court tests directed against the theory of industrial relations set forth by the National Labor Relations Board in the Houde decision. Here, it will be recalled, the board held that one and only one labor organization—that chosen by the majority of the workers as representative—was entitled to execute the collective agreement on behalf of the employees. Further, the board ruled that the employer—acting in "good faith"—was obliged to negotiate with the majority representative toward the consummation of such an agreement.

Only the tender-minded will accept at face value the manufacturers' arguments directed against majority rule. It would be strange if our open-shop employers were overnight possessed of a solicitous sympathy lest their workers be done out of the right of collective bargaining. Also, if Messrs. Emery and Gall intrench themselves behind theories attributed to the President, they do so because these theories appear helpful to their clients, and not because these theories incorporate ultimate truth and justice. In short, the N. A. M. resists majority rule because the N. A. M. opposes collective bargaining except as an abstract right suspended in a vacuum. By giving in to the principle, as stated in the Houde decision, anti-union employers would in effect grant workers the power to determine standards of pay and working conditions. And we may reasonably assume that most employers will never by their own volition grant such power.

Reduced to simplest terms, collective bargaining implies that the terms of the wage bargain are set by a formal agreement, the outcome of negotiations between representatives of employees and management. Two conditions are necessary to its fulfilment. First, the employer must be inspired by a will to agree. In the language of the Railway Labor Act—language to which most of the labor boards now extant have had recourse—every reasonable effort must be exerted to make and maintain collective agreements. Second, there must be a determined representative of the employees with whom the management can strike the bargain. Where two or more labor organizations claim to be representative, the obvious solution is to decide the issue by a referendum. Elections of this kind, trade union opposed to company union in most cases, are the formula for initiating collective bargaining first evolved by the National Labor Board, and since then pursued by the National Labor Relations Board, the Railway Mediation Board, the Petroleum Labor Policy Board, the Divisional Bituminous Coal Labor Boards, and the National Steel Labor Relations Board.

In calling for elections each such board has come out for majority rule. The precedent was set in the National Labor Board's Denver Tramway decision last spring. Here it was decided that a trade union elected by the majority of the workers was exclusively authorized to negotiate the collective bargain, and that the terms of the bargain should apply to all employees, union members or not. The uniformity with which the labor boards have applied majority rule cannot be explained as a mere transfer of homely, familiar political concepts to a new context of industrial relations. Once granted that collective bargaining is made quick and alive in the collective agreement, it is doubtful that collective bargaining is possible at all in the absence of majority rule. On the one hand, if no one labor organization is authorized to conclude the bargain, this simplifies evasion and sidestepping by employers determined never to make such contracts with any labor organization. On the other hand, if many labor organizations are authorized to conclude separate bargains, this opens the way to a plurality of agreements differing as to terms.

Unfortunately, in the automobile settlement of last March 25 the President did not see eye to eye with his boards on majority rule. Taking into account the balance of opposing forces, Mr. Roosevelt conceived of collective bargaining implemented by a vaguely defined works council on which there would be proportional representation of majority and minority, trade-union and company-union groups. So far as the settlement was based on principles rather than on strategic exigencies, the principles were those elaborated by Messrs. Johnson and Richberg. Each and every employee group forms an autonomous entity for collective bargaining. Each and every employee group is entitled to conclude its own agreement, if any. But the automobile settlement did not commit the government to an official doctrine of collective bargaining. What doctrinal elements it contained have long since been negatived by virtually all the boards established for the purpose of construing and applying Section 7-a.

David Lamson

IN the death row at San Quentin, California, is a young man less than thirty years old to whom the processes of American justice must present a weird, ironic, dreadful face. He has been in the death house for a year, and is now awaiting the results of an appeal for a new trial. The crime for which he was convicted is the murder of his young wife. There is ample reason to believe that he is innocent.

David Lamson, a graduate of Stanford University in 1925, was sales manager for the Stanford Press in May, 1933. His wife, Allene, also a graduate of the university, was the secretary of the local Y. W. C. A. The Lamsons were the ordinary type of educated, mannerly, intelligent young people that one would expect to find in a university community. They had a two-year-old daughter. They lived in a small house with a garden. Their diversions were spending evenings with their friends, dancing, taking part in amiable conversation, probably going to the movies now and then. Lamson, by the testimony of his friends, was not a drinking man, although he took a cocktail or a glass of wine at dinner parties sometimes. He did not keep liquor in his home. He did smoke a pipe and cigarettes. There is no indication that he had any bad habits, that he owed money, behaved improperly, or was other than a tender and considerate husband and father. There is a great deal of specific testimony on his good character and his devotion to his wife. There is no testimony, aside from a very small amount of

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completely irresponsible gossip, to indicate anything else.

On Memorial Day, 1933, according to the story of the defense, Lamson, who had been burning rubbish in the yard, went into the house about nine o'clock and found his wife dead in the bathroom. She had bled to death from a wound in the back of her head; she was lying half out of the bathtub, with her head hanging down. Lamson, in his desperation and terror, tried to lift her up, getting himself covered with blood in the process, and then ran out for help. Neighbors came in at once, the police in about a quarter of an hour. From the first the police officers suspected him of having murdered her. His account of what happened after he found her and of just how he found her was incoherent and confused, which was exactly what it would have been if her death had been accidental, as the defense contends. Measurements of the bathroom and careful observation of the plentiful bloodstains found there and in other parts of the house—Lamson carried a trail of blood with him when he went for help—indicate with the highest probability that Mrs. Lamson slipped in the tub, hit her head on the faucets of the washbasin, fell in a faint, and died from loss of blood. This is made more likely by Lamson's explanation that she had suffered from indigestion the night before, was still feeling weak so that he had had to help her into the bathroom before he went out to the rubbish fire, and was subject to fainting spells. The prosecution's story is that Lamson, because she had resisted his love-making the previous night, became infuriated with her, beat her to death with a piece of lead pipe, took the pipe out into the yard and put it in the rubbish pile—where, indeed, a piece of lead pipe was found along with a lot of other trash—and was able to maintain the utmost composure in conversation with his neighbors until the time when he went in and pretended to discover the body.

Even from this brief outline, it is obvious that the defense presented the only plausible explanation of the death. Yet not only the police but the prosecuting attorney seemed immediately convinced that a dastardly murder had been committed, inexplicable by any knowledge of Lamson's character or his relations with his wife, amply testified to by their mutual friends. Moreover, the case was taken up by the yellow press as a sensational sex story, Lamson was made out a pervert and adulterer (the allegation being that he was the father of a child by their nursemaid, who almost immediately married the man she claimed as the father), and the defense was given almost no opportunity to present its theory of how Mrs. Lamson met her death, although the story of the prosecution, equally circumstantial, was given to the last improbable detail. The trial judge, by his exclusion of defense testimony and by his charge to the jury, made his own bias against Lamson clear.

The whole story is a macabre nightmare, involving the ruin, both financial and spiritual, of a family and, unless the Court of Appeals grants a new trial, the hanging of a man about whose guilt there is much more than reasonable doubt. Yet it involves more than this, for such a disaster might overtake any of us who became, by some hideous accident, caught in the impersonal talons of the law. A pamphlet by Yvor Winters and Frances Theresa Russell, both members of the Stanford faculty, gives the defense story in considerable detail. Possibly a widespread public protest might help. And it would help not only David Lamson in San Quentin but every person who might find himself in like case.

Bending the Bough

ON more than one occasion we have been intrigued by references made here and there to "Motion Picture Appreciation" as an item in the curricula of American schools and colleges. In his acid study of our universities Abraham Flexner paused a moment to wonder just what the content of such courses might be, and we hasten to inform him, as well as others interested, that we need wonder no longer now that English Monograph Number 2, published by the National Council of Teachers of English, has appeared under the title "Photoplay Appreciation in American High Schools." The method employed is described at length and the discussion is supplemented by an elaborate statistical analysis of the results achieved.

Our intrepid investigators were, of course, faced with the difficulty which confronts all who attempt to make scientific measurements of phenomena for which no yardstick exists. It is, to be specific, hard to gauge an increased preference for "good movies" unless one can find out what a "good movie" is. This difficulty was hastily leaped over by means of the somewhat dangerous assumption that a poll of teachers' opinions on the "best photoplays of the year" would be conclusive, and that the improvement in the pupils' taste could be scientifically measured by the increase in its tendency to coincide with that of the teachers. From this point, however, the most critically rigid methods were used. The experiment was conducted on a nation-wide scale, and control groups which received no instruction were set up to correspond roughly to those guinea pigs which are allowed to pine vitaminless away while their better-fed companions grow sleek.

What were the results? Briefly, they were stupendous, and we can give only a dim idea of their importance by citing a few miscellaneous facts. For instance: the percentage of students who discussed films with their friends rose from 50.9 to 77.9; the percentage of those who made a habit of "seeing whether the story is by a good author," rose from 44.8 to 59.5; and the percentage of those who, before selecting a picture, asked teacher about it jumped from 3.9 to 14.3—which, as the authors of the report point out, represents an "extraordinary gain" of 267.6 per cent. Other results were hardly less gratifying. Before the course only two in ten could recall "a screen character to be admired for honesty," only four in ten a character to be admired for devotion to duty, and only four in ten, also, one to be admired for bravery; after instruction the proportions rose, respectively, to five in ten, five in ten, and six in ten.

Individual reactions were equally gratifying. After seeing that tasteful and reverent masterpiece "The Sign of the Cross," an eleventh-grade girl in Memphis "went to church on a week night"; seeing "The Conquerors" made an impressionable pupil in Newport News "more friendly to bank officials"—but here, perhaps, we had better pause before the question whether or not this ingenuous youth ought or ought not to feel more friendly to bank officials raises the general question of whether or not it is safe to try to mold taste and opinions before coming to some conclusion concerning what they should be molded into. We have not the National Council's simple faith that to be more like teacher is inevitably and without question to be by just so much improved.

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Issues and Men

The Morro Castle and After

THAT the Morro Castle disaster has humiliated as well as horrified Americans everywhere is obvious. No longer can we talk about what happened on the French liner La Bourgogne when the crew knocked down women and children and saved themselves. No longer can we speak of the Vestris or the Titanic as evidence of the decay of organization and seamanship in the British merchant marine.

Let no man be misled by the talk of red plots and the firing of the ship. Why should some human devil in Havana, if there was such, or on the ship, wait until the vessel was within twenty miles of New York harbor and safety before setting fire to it? The second officer, Mr. Hackney, testified that when he entered the writing-room he saw flames issuing from the ceiling. As Captain Felix Riesenberg has pointed out in an article written for the North American Newspaper Alliance: "Cigarettes do not set ceilings on fire." The watchman, too, testified that he first saw smoke rising from a ventilator above the midship section—not from the writing-room stationery closet. Captain Riesenberg and Captain Evans, formerly head of the United States Shipping Board schools, unite in their belief that the fire was electrically started. They point out that the ship's lighting system failed all over the vessel a few minutes—some say five, some say fifteen—after the discovery of the fire. This is proved by the facts that the electric steering gear failed, putting the ship out of control, the electrically operated whistle ceased to function, the telephones went dead, the engine-room was in darkness, and most important, so far as the saving of passengers was concerned, the electric fire alarm went out of business. Some further light may yet be thrown upon this breakdown—which also affected seriously the work of the chief wireless operator—if additional testimony can be brought out as to just what happened in the engine-room, to which, be it noted, the chief engineer did not go after being aroused, preferring to rescue himself rather than to do what the chief wireless operator did—stay at his post until he began to burn.

What makes this explanation the more likely is that there have been a number of similar fires on other vessels. This is not an isolated case. In fact, a majority of the casualties on sea-going vessels are now declared to be due to fire. A parallel case is that of the French luxury liner Georges Phillippar, which burned in the Gulf of Aden two years ago, with great loss of life. The new French steamer L'Atlantique burned mysteriously in the Channel with only her crew on board. Then, too, there were charges of sabotage, of Communist plots. When the official investigation was made, the authorities could not confirm any of these stories, but had to admit that the origin of the fire must remain a mystery for all time because of the complete inner destruction of the ship. There were two fires on the Bermuda, of the Furness Line, one in Hamilton, Bermuda, the other when she was in dock at Belfast, Ireland, the second resulting in her complete destruction. Again, there were rumors of sabotage, and again nothing whatever was brought out to sustain the charge. The North German Lloyd's Europa was swept by fire in the twinkling of an eye before she was completed. It is obvious from this record alone that fire is the chief peril which confronts the modern ship captain.

Accepting a fault in the electric wiring as explanation of the origin of the Morro Castle fire, the most striking fact is that the automatic fire detector, which is supposed instantly to report a conflagration to the bridge, did not work on that ship. But if it had worked, and if the fire alarm supposed to be in each stateroom had worked, it must be set down as extremely dubious whether, even with an entirely competent crew, an experienced captain in charge, and all the officers at their stations, heavy loss of life could have been prevented. The reason for this is the craze to make of the modern luxury liner not a ship but a floating hotel, decorated, like so many of our city caravansaries, with heavy hangings, wooden partitions of a flimsy character, costly paneling, heavy carpets, everything calculated to create the illusion that the passenger is in a floating Waldorf-Astoria, and everything bound to offer the best possible opportunity for the spread of flames once a fire has started. The Morro Castle, fine ship that she was, was one of the worst examples of this. These coastwise ships are not as heavily and carefully built, so far as the superstructure is concerned, as transatlantic liners. The Morro Castle had an enormous amount of costly walnut and mahogany paneling even in the staterooms, and none of this wood was fireproofed, as the woodwork in some of the newer ships, for example, those of the Export Line, is fireproofed. Everything was there that could possibly have been supplied to make the spread of the flames as rapid as possible.

All of this is, of course, no excuse for the disorganization of the crew, for the obvious uncertainty of the acting captain as to what he should do. The report of the second wireless operator that he could not get any orders from the bridge where the officers were "running around," and that the SOS signals were sent out, or at least the CQ stand-by signal, without authority from the captain, a procedure which is absolutely forbidden under heavy penalty by wireless regulations, shows that the unfortunate acting captain, placed in a doubly terrible position by the sudden death of the captain and the breaking out of the fire, did not have in him the stuff of which a great ship's commander or a hero is made. I was much struck by the testimony that the acting captain gave when asked if he had given the command to lower the boats. He answered that he had by word of mouth from the bridge. There was at that time nothing else that he could do, but how far did his voice carry in that storm with the rain pouring down, with the ship divided in half by the midships fire, the passengers, some of them at least, crowding the decks, and the crew busily engaged in getting away in the boats? Obviously what these liners need is the simple device used in every modern hospital by which a telephone operator can call any doctor, wherever he may be, by the monotonous grinding out of his name through loudspeakers on every floor

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until the doctor replies. A device by which orders given from the bridge could be heard along the life-boat deck and the deck below, from which passengers are put into the boats on many of the ships, would seem to be very much in order. Then there should be portholes large enough for passengers to crawl through. But beyond that, President Roosevelt is right in indicating his belief that Congress at its next session will legislate for the fireproofing of the living quarters, notably the assembly rooms, of the liners. If the Export Line can fireproof the woods that it uses without affecting their appearance, other lines can do the same.

But let us return to the human material. No one can read the testimony of the navigating officers without being struck by the fact that they were men of little education; several of them could not talk grammatical English. Upon the stand they did not make the impression of men of fine quality. There is the case of the captain of the President Cleveland. Six of his officers do not wish to serve under him any longer. Although he was only twelve or fourteen miles away from the Morro Castle at 3:50 a.m. and his ship makes eighteen knots an hour, he did not reach her until 5:20, and after arriving he took forty-eight minutes to lower her first life boat. The testimony as to the friction between several departments on the Morro Castle is not surprising in view of the way his ship was worked—all passenger ships are now worked. It used to be considered necessary for every vessel to have at least a week in port between trips. The pressure for tonnage during the World War, and the economic distress since, have made owners turn their steamers around in very short time and send them to sea again. The Morro Castle was to have left the very day of her arrival.

It has been testified that the stewards, among whom there was a considerable turnover, were dissatisfied because they were lucky to get six hours' leave when they were in port. The stewards are always the hardest-worked people on the boats. A steward on the sister ship of the Morro Castle stated recently that it was not surprising that he and his mates drank when they had a chance to do so, because they were being worked eighteen hours a day. In the case of the Bremen and Europa, which make more voyages in a year than any other Atlantic ships, the line provides reliefs for officers and heads of departments so that each officer gets a full month's vacation. Otherwise they would not be able to stand the dreadful grind of being in port only twenty-four hours before being sent to sea again. The stewards get no such relief, I believe. More than that, in those trades in which there are slack seasons, stewards and stewardesses are put "on the beach" the instant, for example, the summer traffic falls off. The men so laid off from the English ships go on the dole.

I note with sorrow that President Roosevelt has abandoned another of the historic positions of his party, namely, his opposition to ship subsidies, which in the 80's and 90's were advocated only by the Republicans, notably President Harrison, and announces again that he is convinced that we have got to have subsidies to support our merchant marine—another form of indefensible and perverted nationalism and big-navy mania. Well, if he does put this through he ought to insist that no line shall draw one dollar of government money that does not treat all members of the crew like human beings. There are some American lines today that are paying their able seamen only $30 a month, and of course every crew is engaged for the voyage and may be set ashore at any moment without recourse. But even the seamen are better off by far than the unfortunate stewards. Lord Byron once wrote in an appeal for the under-dog in England of "the wretched mechanic who is famished to death." Would that some Lord Byron could get up and state the case of some of these poor men who go down to the sea in ships!

Oswald Garrison Villard

The Rout of Republicanism

By RAYMOND GRAM SWING

Washington, September 17

HERE are some of the things being said about the political campaign:

The Republicans bitterly regret that they are not proving to be the party of business, receiving the active support of just ordinary business men. Local communities want so much from Congress and the Administration in the way of help and cooperation that organizations of local business men are supporting the Democratic candidate for Congress. They do this frankly on the ground that a Democrat can get more out of Washington than a Republican.

The real motive behind the formation of the American Liberty League was not to influence the present campaign, but to make certain that the Republican Party for the next two years would remain under reactionary control. The league is attempting to determine the issue on which the next Presidential election will be fought.

The one outside chance the Republicans see for themselves in two years is that the President will be washed away by the "wild men" in the new Congress and will not be able to prevent inflation; or, if he succeeds in preventing it, that he will be able to finance his gigantic program only through a capital levy or by taxation of staggering weight. They believe the country might then swing back to their particular brand of "orthodoxy."

Jim Farley has now publicly committed four mistakes in political judgment. He intervened to defeat LaGuardia in New York City; he backed Clem Shaver against Holt in West Virginia; he backed George Creel against Upton Sinclair in California; he backed West against Donaghey and White in Ohio. Only in Ohio was his man more liberal than the man who beat him. Friends of the President explain his loyalty to his national chairman on the ground that he will be needed to hold conservative Democrats in line in the next Presidential election.

The Hoover articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* and

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the formation of the American Liberty League are making votes for the New Deal. Maine was the first proof. By joining the Liberty League Al Smith became nearly as archaic, politically, as Hoover.

The outcome of the November elections is conceded by Republicans in all but their formal utterances. Their most comfortable explanation is to quote Al Smith that "people don't shoot Santa Claus." They talk of the mass bribery of the electorate. This is not good political argument unless it implies that the Republicans in power would be less generous in giving relief than the Democrats. The real basis of Democratic strength is that in addition to their normal support they have all or nearly all the farm and labor vote. To win in 1936 the Republicans would have to recapture the farmers and at least half of industrial labor.

One sagacious political writer explained last week why in the nature of things there can be no clear party line in this country between liberals and conservatives. The Republicans, he said, maintained power by an alliance between capitalism in the East and agriculture in the West. Farmers, he explained, are not naturally radical and only become so when broke. Just as soon as farmers begin to make money again they will run out of their alliance with labor. Any permanently liberal party would depend on this alliance.

But farmers will not be prosperous until they find a way of making a profit from the home market alone. In years past the American wheat fields raised crops for foreign buyers, and America could pay in wheat for the capital it had borrowed abroad, as well as in cotton, tobacco, and copper. Today America is not in debt to Europe, and the only way to dispose of a wheat surplus would be to lend capital which ultimately would reach wheat-consuming countries.

The largest foreign food market is Great Britain, not a borrowing country, which must take wheat from Canada, Australia, and the Argentine in repayment of British investments in those lands. Other potential food markets are the industrial countries—Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Japan. They are not likely to borrow money to buy American wheat, and the European countries have vastly reduced their foreign needs by stimulating home production. Only a few years ago scientists were worked up over the menace of a world-wide food shortage within a generation. They were seeing one of the strangest mirages yet visualized by experts.

If all that is hindering a permanent farmer-labor alliance is the early prospect of old-fashioned farm prosperity, the alliance can safely proceed. It could count on nearly a generation of fruitful life, a long time for any political alliance.

President Roosevelt, however, shirks a straight issue between liberalism and conservatism. He did it in his campaign two years ago; he is repeating the same strategy this fall. He continues to pitch his voice on two levels, oftener up on the radical pitch, but sometimes down. His Green Bay speech, the keynote address of the present campaign, was most of it kept in the radical register. It was even more radical, I am told, than Professor Raymond Moley wanted it to be. Evidently the President was intuitively better aware of what might happen in California and Maine than the often very perceptive professor. But the Green Bay speech contained this paragraph:

> This government intends no injury to honest business. The processes we follow in seeking social justice do not in adding to general prosperity take from the one and give to the other. In this modern world the spreading out of opportunity ought not to consist of robbing Peter to pay Paul. We are concerned with more than mere subtraction and addition. We are concerned with the multiplication of wealth through cooperative action—wealth in which all can share.

If this means anything it means that the redistribution of wealth is not to be sought by a system of taxation weighing still more heavily on those now able to bear it. For that would be taking from one and giving to another. Only newly created wealth is to be more justly distributed.

The speech is a neat example of the Roosevelt technique. The left-wing New Dealer will praise it because it says that the New Deal has come to stay. The conservative Democrat will ask you to take particular note of the paragraph quoted above. "That" he will say, "is the really important passage."

The fall campaign is being fought over the issue of leadership and not over a concise, unequivocal program. One might think that America, a mature democracy, might be voting for a program, not simply for a gifted and winsome man. What is wanted, with peculiar justification since the results in Maine and California, is a clear choice between liberalism and conservatism. The liberal alliance between worker and farmer on the one hand and the people everywhere who want a better social order is potentially in being.

Two years ago Roosevelt swept into power after a noncommittal campaign. His victory represented in the main a revolt against Republicanism and a demand for action of another inspiration. The campaign this autumn is the President's first opportunity to appeal to voters not in revolt, and to obtain their soberly bestowed mandate for a precise policy. Instead, the appeal is for indorsement of the general spirit of the Administration, its energy, and its abstract pledge to govern for the common good. After two years of extemporization which have thrown up such striking contradictions as—to name for instance—General Johnson and Lloyd Garrison—no attempt is being made to draft a long-term program which is consistent throughout and on which the public can express itself.

The President may be waiting to be precise in two years. Certainly the present vagueness is politically safe. Only wishful thinking moves any Republican to count on capturing more than fifty seats in Congress in November. The normal swing-back in the mid-term elections works out at seventy-nine seats, I am told. The Republicans will not do even as well as the average party in the opposition. They must concede their rout before the votes are cast.

Mid-term elections throughout American history have given an unfailing forecast of the Presidential election which followed. As went the mid-term election so went the Presidential election. The forecast was falsified only once, in the mid-term election before the Hayes-Tilden campaign; Tilden subsequently polled the greater popular vote, only to lose the Presidency in the Electoral College. To defeat Roosevelt in two years the Republicans must first see the swiftest profound change of political opinion ever witnessed in this country.

[*Mr. Swing contributes a regular weekly letter from Washington.*]

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Sanctified Birth Control

By DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE belief that every woman has a "safe" or a sterile period in her monthly cycle has been an old wives' tale since time immemorial. A comparatively small number of women have proved by the trial-and-error method that they have such a period. But the great majority who have relied upon the nineteenth-century conception of the "safe period" have found that it is not safe, and the theory itself, as dogmatically enunciated, has had limited scientific standing. Within the past few years, however, researches have been published which have aroused much discussion in medical circles, while popular books recommending the "safe period" to the laity have been brought out both here and abroad by Roman Catholic authors with ecclesiastical sanction.

These books frankly accept the necessity for some sort of control. "The problem of family limitation is an intensely real and personal one today," says the Reverend John A. O'Brien, in his "Legitimate Birth Control According to Nature's Law," a small book which carries the imprimatur of Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne, Indiana. "There is unemployment," Father O'Brien concedes, "lack of sufficient means to provide food and clothing for the children already born, worry over the prospect of even greater economic privation and suffering, and at times the depletion of the mother's vitality and strength from a recent childbirth." "There is no obligation," he continues liberally, "on any couple to beget any specific number of children, much less to give birth to the largest possible number." Going farther he recognizes that "even within the Catholic fold the use of contraceptives is much more widespread than most of us are willing to admit." Writing in the same mood, the Reverend Joseph Reiner, in an introduction to "The Rhythm of Sterility and Fertility," by Dr. Leo J. Latz of Loyola University, Chicago, admits that "the advances which the heresy of birth control have made within a decade are terrifying." Father Reiner rejoices, therefore, that a new discovery of medical science "shows us a way out of the difficulty without a compromise of principle."

The "safe period" has been recognized for some time by the Roman Catholic church as an ethical alternative to "immoral and unnatural" means of birth control. Pope Pius XI said in his Encyclical on "Christian Marriage," issued on December 31, 1931: "Nor must married people be considered to act against the order of nature if they make use of their rights according to sound and natural reason, even though no new life can thence arise on account of circumstances of time or the existence of some defect. . . ." With the words "circumstances of time," Pope Pius XI put the papal seal on a church doctrine that was already well established. In 1880, at a time when the birth-control movement was gaining headway on the Continent as well as in England, the Sacred Penitentiary laid down that "the confessor is allowed with prudence to suggest this practice [that is, limiting marital relations to the "safe period"] to those couples whom he has in vain endeavored by the use of other means to draw away from the hateful crime of onanism." At this juncture the Catholics were alarmed by a German doctor's invention in 1882 of a mechanical contraceptive device for women. Accordingly, in 1883 a Roman Catholic Hollander, a Dr. Capellman, published his "Pastoral Medizin," in which he advised family limitation by means of the "safe period." Although Capellman had no scientific data to go on, he counseled women that "exact observance of abstinence from the fourteenth full day until within three or four days of the commencement of the following monthly cycle gives as much certainty as any form whatever of sterile coitus." Ironically enough, Capellman's "safe period" covering the first half of the cycle included days which are now thought to be the most fertile of all.

The "safe period" as defined by Capellman was discredited years ago. But during the World War interesting data were collected in Germany, where the government allowed the married men in the army to revisit their homes periodically so that the fittest members of the race might continue to breed. It was noted that the men's visits of two or three days resulted in some instances in their wives' becoming pregnant and in others not. A subsequent examination of the histories of 1,000 women showed that the largest number of conceptions had occurred during the first two weeks of the cycle as judged by the dates of their husbands' leaves. While this evidence could not be considered above suspicion, the preponderance of conceptions during the first half of the cycle was impressive. Several years later, Dr. K. Ogino, an outstanding gynecologist in Japan, concluded from observation of a series of patients on the operating table that the conception period for women with regular twenty-eight-day cycles falls between the eleventh and nineteenth day, counting from the onset of menstruation. Dr. Herman Knaus of Austria, by a different method of observation, reached substantially the same conclusion—that fertilization can only occur between the eleventh and seventeenth day among women with regular twenty-eight-day cycles, and that conversely the first ten days and the last ten days of a twenty-eight-day cycle constitute the sterile or "safe" period.

Ogino and Knaus both admit that the sterile period is not so easily determined for women whose cycles are irregular or not of the four-weekly type. Yet according to the books which have been written about their theory, it would appear to be fool-proof for the great majority of women. The author of "Legitimate Birth Control" asserts that the new law may be applied "in its entirety to 90 per cent of fertile women, and that 9 per cent of the remainder can make a partial application of the formula." Similarly, Dr. Latz makes the claim: "The Ogino-Knaus method is as reliable as any physiological law can be. In other words, where you have a normally functioning woman in normal condition, you have certainty that there will be no conception during the sterile period." In a pamphlet advertising Dr. Latz's book the Latz Foundation claims that "upwards of 50,000 cohabitations, during most varied menstrual cycles, and under the greatest variety of circumstances, are evidence of the reliability of the rhythm theory." The only one of the Roman

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Catholic books which warns the reader that the "safe period" is still somewhat of an uncertainty is "The Sterile Period in Family Life," written by the Very Reverend Canon Valère J. Coucke of Bruges and Dr. James J. Walsh of New York, and carrying the imprimatur of Cardinal Patrick Hayes of New York. While describing the Ogino-Knaus method in detail, and printing a calendar for women readers' use, Dr. Walsh admits that both the existence and the limitations of the "safe period" are still questioned by scientists.

The new "safe period" is being propagandized by commercial organizations as well as by Roman Catholic publications. An Indiana company, offering for sale a patented calendar intended to aid women in calculating their "safe period," broadly declares in its literature that "sexual intercourse *cannot* lead to conception except on the seventeenth, sixteenth, and fifteenth days preceding menstruation." But in smaller type the sentence is added, "The reliability of the method depends entirely upon whether a woman menstruates at regular intervals." Another Indiana concern, a manufacturer of baby foods, is attempting to cater to doctors by supplying them with information about the "safe period," and with free copies of their "ovulation time table."

Let us see what is actually known about the "safe period" at the present time. Knaus reports that the University Women's Clinic at Graz, Austria, now has "many thousands of patients who are controlling conception by abstaining from sexual relations during the fertile period." But he says nothing of the number of cases where the method was not applicable or where it failed, and for this reason his reports have been criticized as incomplete by scientific men. In this country Dr. A. G. Miller of Hobart, Indiana, read an interesting paper on the "safe period" at the American Conference on Birth Control and National Recovery convened by Mrs. Margaret Sanger in Washington in January, 1934. Dr. Miller reported that he and Doctors C. H. Schulz and D. W. Anderson had records of 136 patients who had avoided conception by limiting their relations to the sterile period. But only 25 of the 136 women had since conceived at will, so that the comparative data on sterile and fertile periods is still lacking. To be set against the claims of success are numerous cases of failure. Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, honorary secretary of the National Committee on Maternal Health, tells of two unmarried women who relied upon the Ogino-Knaus "safe period" to their own regret. Dr. Norman Haire of London says that "a very large number of his patients, even though they were following Dr. Knaus's calendar, have become pregnant against their will."

The fact that conceptions are known to have occurred during the "safe period" throws doubt on the theory. At the 1934 birth-control conference Dr. Hannah M. Stone, director of the Birth Control Clinical Research Bureau, told of the data she had collected in her private practice for the past three years on women whose menstrual cycles averaged between twenty-seven and thirty days. Among these women she has records of twenty-four conceptions which took place after isolated coitus, that is, after marital relations had been indulged in but once during the month. She found that seven of the twenty-four conceptions occurred during the Ogino-Knaus "safe period."

It is possible that some women—no one knows why—can conceive at any time of the month. Dr. Dickinson, in his "Control of Conception," has analyzed 1,342 conceptions which had occurred after isolated coitus among women with twenty-eight-day periods. These cases included a good number of the German war cases as well as others on which data were available. He found that 37 per cent of the women had conceived during the first week of the cycle, 35 per cent during the second week, 20 per cent during the third week, and 8 per cent during the fourth week—assuming that the dates they gave were correct. If these figures are valid, they show that 37 per cent plus 8 per cent, or 45 per cent of the total number of conceptions, occurred during the days that Ogino and Knaus call sterile.

Even if the average woman has a period of physiological sterility, it still may be impossible for her to determine when this period begins and ends by a rule of thumb that will work every month. Dr. Ludwig Fraenckel has said that the most regular phenomenon about the menstrual cycle is its irregularity. It should be remembered, too, that the feminine cycle may suddenly be thrown out of kilter by a strain on the emotions or by some physiological change. If a woman were going to calculate her sterile period with any degree of accuracy, she would first have to keep a record of her cycles for a full year before she could rely on the method—and after each pregnancy she would need to wait for three or four months until her cycles had resumed their regularity, and then begin her calculations all over again. Secondly, she would need to consult a physician for directions from time to time. This may explain Dr. Knaus's success. In a number of the cases which he reports, he says that "cohabitation was directed by the doctor." Dr. Dickinson says in his "Control of Conception": "Although every woman has a long series of infertile days in her monthly cycle, there is enough variation between different women so that no general rule can be formulated that will safeguard all women. It can be stated with a degree of definiteness, however, that during the week preceding the menstrual period the chance of pregnancy is one-fifth as great as during either of the first two weeks."

Dr. Emil Novak of the Johns Hopkins University, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for January, 1934, goes a little farther in support of the theory. "In women with cycles approximating the four-weekly type," he says, "there is reason to believe that the immediately postmenstrual period (up to the eighth day) and even more the immediately premenstrual period (after the twentieth day) are almost entirely, though perhaps not absolutely 'safe periods' for those anxious to avoid conception. In women with irregular cycles the problem is more difficult and less certain. . . . Not a sufficient time has elapsed as yet to demonstrate clearly how great or how slight a degree of fallibility pertains to this method. . . ."

There are still several fundamental questions to be settled before any definite conclusions can be reached about a sterile period. First, there is the unsolved mystery of ovulation—when and how often one or the other ovary gives off an egg which is ready for fertilization by the male sperm cell. For a number of years gynecologists have been looking for evidences of ovulation in the ovaries when the latter are removed or can be examined in the course of operations. It is now known that when the ovum escapes from the ovary it leaves a collapsed follicle behind it, plainly visible to the surgeon's eye. Prior to Ogino, some two score surgeons had looked for these follicles and had estimated the time of ovulation from their appearance. The bulk of these laparotomies

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seemed to show that conception had occurred between the twelfth and the nineteenth day. Ogino timed his operations whenever possible at different points in his patients' menstrual cycles, and found what he believed to be freshly burst follicles only around the middle of the cycle. It is on this evidence that he has based his theory of the fertile and sterile periods. Criticism of his conclusions has been made by Carl G. Hartman, Ph.D., research associate in the Laboratory of Embryology, Carnegie Institution, Washington, on the ground that it is impossible to tell the age of a ruptured follicle in either humans or animals.

In Austria Dr. Knaus made a different approach to the same problem. Experimenting first with rabbits, he found that an injection of pituitrin would stimulate the uterus before but not after ovulation. Next he injected women with pituitrin and found indirect evidences of ovulation between the eleventh and the seventeenth day of the cycle—and at no other time. Knaus's conclusions are consistent with Hartman's experiments showing that ovulation in the monkey occurs between the tenth and sixteenth day of the menstrual cycle, but oftenest on the thirteenth and fourteenth day.

Should it be determined that spontaneous ovulation takes place in women around the middle of the month, instances of conception which are known to have occurred early and late in the cycle must still be explained. It is possible that some women ovulate more often than others. For it is certain that some women are more fertile than others. It is also possible that ovulation in women may be induced, or at least precipitated, by the climax of intercourse. This is known to happen in the rabbit. Dr. Emil Novak says that while "there is no proof of this in the human being, its possibility cannot be denied, even if one accepts the usual doctrine that spontaneous ovulation is the rule and that it occurs at fairly stated intervals." Professor Grosser, the anatomist, of Prague, thinks that ovulation may be stimulated by intercourse. Hartman, the biologist, says: "The prevailing opinion that ovulation may occur at any time of the cycle cannot be brushed aside without much further proof, at least so far as the human species is concerned." Still, he attaches weight to his numerous observations on monkeys, which menstruate very much as women do and have a definite sterile period.

If and when the mysteries about ovulation and impregnation are finally cleared up, and if and when, by some simple method, a "safe period" can be determined for every woman, the question will remain whether it is a completely satisfactory method of controlling conception. Dr. Matsner, medical director of the American Birth Control League, points out that the method would offer no relief to that large class of women whose husbands will not cooperate with them in preventing conception. Where the husband will cooperate, as most husbands of sensibility will, it would still seem unfortunate that the physical union of a man and wife should have to be regulated by the calendar. But while the recent researches on the "safe period" do not at present afford a fool-proof or even an entirely happy solution to the birth-control problem, they are undoubtedly an important contribution. If the sterile period can be definitely delimited, so that any given woman can be sure of when it exists for her, the need for contraceptive precautions will be eliminated during, perhaps, half the month.

Putilov's Revisited

By LOUIS FISCHER

Leningrad, July, 1934

THE moment I arrived at the Astoria in Leningrad and dropped my bags, I telephoned to Paul Otz, the director of the big Putilov plant where I had spent a week in the summer of 1932. Otz immediately sent a car for me. I talked with the chauffeur. "I used to work in the tractor foundry," he said, "but my lungs are bad and they gave me this job."

"Then you must be pleased," I commented.

"No," he replied. "There I was producing something. Now I am merely serving somebody."

The factory is much cleaner than it was two years ago. Roads have been asphalted. Gardens have been planted and more are being planted. Young trees line the pathways. On my previous visit the open spaces between Putilov's many shops were dirty and chaotic. Today raw materials are neatly piled and sorted in the yards, and order reigns throughout the nine square miles which Putilov's covers. This has cost Otz a great deal of effort. But the improved aspect of the works is his reward.

Otz is only forty-two. He has many more gray hairs than he had in 1932. It is no easy task to run one of the largest and most important metallurgical plants in the Soviet Union. Yet I had not talked to Otz for five minutes before I realized that the last two years had made him a much bigger and a much stronger man. He is now master in his own household. The diarchy of 1932 has disappeared. Then Otz shared his authority with the central organization of Putilov's Communists—the party committee. "Director Otz," I wrote, "accepts dictation from the party committee." The party committee was then "the supreme authority at the factory." This is no longer true. Otz said so; I knew it from his demeanor; and the party committee confirmed it. Formerly the party committee deliberated on the same management and personnel problems as the director and usually forced its decisions upon him. But since 1933, and particularly after the resolutions of the Seventeenth Party Congress in January, 1934, Otz has been in sole command. He brooks no interference in strictly managerial matters. In days gone by, if the factory had failed in its output program, the party committee would have reprimanded Otz. Today it summons the Communists of the plant and blames them for having failed to stimulate the enthusiasm of the workers. The party committee is limiting itself to the propaganda, educational, and social activities which make a Soviet factory the nucleus of the worker's life. The director, the party committee, and the trade-union committee (*Zavkom*) of a plant constitute an almost equilateral triangle whose common function is the raising of productivity and the improvement of the status of labor.

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But efficiency is relative, and every departure from mass production makes for less rational production. Putilov's continues to be what it was in 1932—an industrial department store. It turns out turbines, compressors, and transformers for the electric industry, agricultural cultivators, railway freight platforms, trolley-car parts, spare parts for tractors, hydro-technical equipment, and the like. This weakness was apparent two years ago, but every time I mentioned it then somebody either condoned or tried to explain it. On this visit, however, all agreed. Otz was worried about it. He had deplored it in a *Pravda* article. But what was he to do? He had an order to make some locomotive fly-wheels. Several big lathes needed for turbine production were occupied with this task, and the turbine output was consequently falling behind schedule. Red Putilov's "difficulty" lies in its highly skilled cadres of workingmen and engineers who can honorably discharge any pioneering assignment the state gives them. That is why they get so many assignments. They made the first tractors in the U. S. S. R. As soon as they had mastered the art, tractor production was transferred, together with some Putilov engineers and workers, to Stalingrad and Kharkov. At present the Putilov tractor foundry is turning out cultivators. A cultivator is twice as complicated as a tractor and saves three times as much of the peasant's labor. The cultivator will be the great benefactor of Soviet agriculture; it eliminates the tedious weeding by hand for which the collectives and state farms have too few people. Putilov's is very proud of its role of pathfinder for Soviet industry. But its workers know that in 1936 some new plant will be supplying the country with cultivators, while Putilov's will be struggling with another new manufacturing process.

During the last twenty-four months Putilov's has registered long technological strides forward. It can now produce the complicated turbine. The turbine factory was just nearing completion in the summer of 1932. In 1932 it made fourteen turbines (42,000 kilowatts), in 1933 twenty-three turbines (88,000 kilowatts), and the program for 1934 is thirty-nine turbines (220,000 kilowatts), but I suspect that part of the program will remain unfulfilled. It can now produce the difficult cultivator, which represents a combination of all that the world has to offer in this field. Foreign models were studied and their best features copied. Putilov's, finally, has registered much progress in its own steel foundry. It can now produce non-rust steel of excellent quality, nickel steel, chromium steel, and other alloys which formerly were imported. In another extremely important aspect Otz has been relieved of many worries: his pig-iron supply is steady. In 1932 the Soviet iron industry had not advanced far enough to provide Putilov's and other plants with a regular flow of metal. At that time a three-day reserve was considered satisfactory, and a three-week reserve the ideal. Sometimes the iron on hand sufficed to keep the shops going for only a few hours. Everything depended on the arrival of the morning's freight train, and if it failed to put in an appearance, Putilov's foundries were idle. Today, however, Otz has a constant pig-iron supply large enough to keep him going for five months. This is the one of the results of the first Five-Year Plan.

If there is enough raw material, there are still too few workers. The turbine shop, for instance, employs 1,300 people. Its manager, however, told me that he needs 400 more and cannot get them. On occasions machines remain cold because no hands are available to operate them. Putilov's has its own school where youngsters are trained to be skilled mechanics, but this source does not fill the entire need, and so, Otz explained, he is forced to send agents to railway stations to waylay incoming peasants and entice them with all sorts of promises to take jobs in the factory. Or he recruits men in neighboring agricultural collectives. Labor turnover is lower than in 1932 but still considerable, especially during summer months when workers who have not yet severed their connections with the village leave to help in the harvesting. I asked Otz whether he takes such men back. "I don't like to," he replied. "But if I must, I do." This situation is forcing the management to mechanize and rationalize more and more of the "dirty work" of the plant, with the result that Putilov's employs fewer men (28,000 as compared to 34,000 in 1932) yet produces as much as it did two years ago. Individual productivity is higher. It can be lifted higher still. What the plant needs, above all, is more mass production and fewer small, stray orders.

Each worker is producing more. Is he living better? The average wage in 1932 was 162 rubles per month. It went up to 177 rubles in 1933. Now it is 185 rubles. Considering the sharp rise in prices—the doubling, for instance, of bread prices in August, 1933, and again in July, 1934—these increases are infinitesimal indeed. Simultaneously with the most recent bread-price rise, wages of Soviet workers receiving 140 rubles or less per month were increased by an amount equal to the price rise. But the employees in the higher brackets suffered—and they protested. Accordingly, the government just a few days ago decreed a 10 per cent wage increase for all persons employed in factories engaged in work which is important for national-defense purposes. This includes the entire metallurgical and chemical industries and scores of other plants. It is merely an indirect way of raising the individual income of millions of workers, and of course it affects everyone at Putilov's.

The trouble in the U. S. S. R. at present, however, is that agricultural prices have been rising faster than wages. The economic scissors are opened to the disadvantage of the urban centers and the advantage of the peasants. In certain regions which have a good harvest this year and had a fine crop in 1933, factory workers are seeking admission into village collectives. Thus, the latest addition to wages notwithstanding, there is still vast room for an improvement of the real income of workers.

Yet real income in the Soviet Union cannot be judged by wages alone. In one significant respect the Putilov proletarians are much better off than they were in 1932. Their factory restaurants serve more and better food. Each section of the plant has its restaurant. Each worker gets two meals a day in such a restaurant. In the morning one can have tea, kasha, sausage sandwiches, and bread with butter for between fifty and sixty kopeks. In the restaurant of the tractor foundry, which serves 2,000 workingmen, dinner consisted of macaroni soup at thirty kopeks, meat cutlets with cabbage at seventy-four kopeks—the cutlet weighed 125 grams when cooked—or pork with barley meal at one ruble thirty kopeks for the second dish, and unlimited quantities of tea at six kopeks a glass. Two hundred grams of bread were given free of charge to each worker. In addition, anybody could buy himself up to five sandwiches. A ham sandwich

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with twenty-five grams of ham cost fifty-three kopeks; a cheese sandwich with twenty grams of cheese, thirty-five kopeks. The day before my visit the tractor restaurant had received twenty kilograms of ham and two kilograms of butter for that day's meals. Meat is included on three days out of five, on the other days fish. I spent two hours in three restaurants. I noticed quite a number of people whose plates contained left-overs when they rose from the tables. I talked to many men and women while they sat at their meals and asked them whether they were getting enough. Invariably they answered, "Yes." Often they pointed to a slice of bread or some meat which they could not finish. I addressed one man with a beautiful long face tipped with a blonde beard and wonderful ivory teeth, and inquired how they ate. "You can see," he replied, "that I have not consumed all I got today. Our meals, to be sure, could be more varied. But when they are not, we know why. We know that the building of a powerful and prosperous socialist state requires sacrifices. Recently," he continued, "a girl in our shop was running her lathe badly and spoiling it. The manager was too lenient with the girl. Thereupon we workers protested and had her removed. Why? Because that lathe was bought with the food we had not eaten last year and two years ago, and we did not want her to ruin it." The manager who stood by my side confirmed the facts.

Every Putilov worker, then, can have two satisfying meals a day at his factory for approximately two rubles. This charge is excessive. The prices are too high. In 1932, however, the restaurant had no such supply of food and no such varied diet. This improvement is the result of the establishment of the *sovhozi,* or state farms, which were either just getting under way or existed only on paper in 1932. The factory farms counted 550 cows in 1933; now they have 750 cows and 250 calves. They had 400 pigs in 1933 and 120 sows; now 600 pigs, 200 sows, and 200 pigs in young litters. The rabbit farms have not justified the hopes reposed in them two years ago, but all other branches of Putilov's agricultural economy are making excellent progress. This year the factory's *sovhozi* are delivering to its kitchens and stores, which supply 60,000 individuals—the workers and some of their dependents—744,000 liters of milk, 60,000 tons of pork and ham, 16 tons of rabbit meat, 1,616 tons of vegetables plus 300 tons of potatoes, as well as butter, cheese, berries, and other products. Putilov's, in other words, has solved its food problem. Whereas in 1932 I could write, "This winter promises to be a difficult season" (it was), I can now say with equal certainty that the future has in store a rapid increase in the workers' food supplies and a rapid rise in their living standards. The purchasing power of the ruble, now that deflation has set in, is mounting, and with money wages going up too, real wages will inevitably rise.

The fact remains, nevertheless, that food takes too large a portion of the workingman's budget. Rent constitutes about 10 per cent of his month's expenditures. Clothing prices are low in relation to food prices. Thus, at Putilov's cooperative store a man's ready-made suit sells for from sixty to eighty rubles, silk for from ten to eighteen rubles a meter, and a pair of shoes for from fifteen to thirty-three rubles. Food costs will have to come down before the Putilov employee ceases to complain.

In my two days at the Putilov factory I visited many workers' homes. I avoided the fine cooperative apartments where some 4,000 of Putilov's personnel are comfortably housed, and concentrated on the temporary barracks. These are two-story wood buildings stuccoed inside and out for warmth. I visited the apartments of married folks and then of the single men, which, as might have been expected, looked bleaker and dirtier than those of the unmarried women. In the last I walked down the corridor and knocked at random at a door. A gay "Come in" was heard and I entered. Six iron beds stood end to end along the long sides of the room. Near each bed was a small table with the inevitable powder box, soap, here and there a hand mirror, a paper-covered book, a purse. One girl lay on her cot covered with a white sheet which did not conceal her contours. Her naked arms were exposed. She wore a red kerchief on her head. She and the two other girls in the room had been reading. Not one of them showed the slightest trace of embarrassment at the sudden appearance of myself and the men and women who accompanied me on my tour of inspection. There was no quick hiding of a bit of underclothing and no hasty attempt at making up. The Russians are simple and uninhibited. They gladly answer questions on all sorts of private and intimate matters. I proceeded to interrogate one of the girls. She was an assistant locomotive driver at Putilov's. She earns 165 rubles a month; pays 2 rubles a day for breakfast and lunch at the factory restaurant, and spends 30 rubles additional a month for food at home. Each girl prepares her food separately in the kitchen downstairs. She is never hungry. Just now she is on a month's vacation. "Why a month instead of the usual fortnight?" I inquired. "Because my job is regarded as injurious to the health." She is spending the first half of her vacation at home. "What do you do?" "I lie on the grass getting sunburned. And when I get bored I go into town to an amusement park." In eight days she would enter one of the rest homes on the Neva Islands for a two weeks' stay. "There is always a lot of jolly company in those places. The food, too, is as good as in a fine restaurant. I had a wonderful time there last summer."

She pays fifteen rubles a month for rent. "Aren't you crowded?" "No," she replied, swinging around as if to say, "See how much room we have." Four days ago she bought a dress for sixteen rubles. "Half a dress, really," she added with a smile, and took it off a hanger to show—a plain cotton print of the kind one sees on all Soviet streets. Three months ago she bought an excellent cloth coat for eighty-five rubles. That too hung above her bed. Ordinarily she had about thirty rubles a month left for spending on movies, theater—once a month—carfare, and so forth.

Polya had borne up very well under my machine-gun cross-examination, smiling and even volunteering information. I was ready to go further. "How old are you?" "Twenty-three." "Married?" "No," and then, when I had paused to muster courage, she spared me some embarrassment by adding most naturally, "But I have a friend." Soon she was giving me a brief autobiography. I repeated this performance in another room and encountered the same healthy readiness to talk frankly about personal affairs. These girls in the barracks were earning just a little less than the average Putilov salary, and they were all apparently well and happy. But it is to be hoped that next year they and several thousand other Putilov workers will be housed in good stone dwellings.

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"End Poverty in Civilization"

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Los Angeles, September 12

I AM writing this brief statement after five crowded days in New York and Washington. Our friends all want to know how we wrought our "political miracle" in California; they also want to know whether we are going to be victorious in November; and they want to know what they can do in the East to help us.

It is a movement of the whole people, and the people are doing the work. I have explained to them everywhere that I am not hankering for the job of being governor of a State; but we are confronting a crisis, and it just so happens that I have been giving my whole lifetime to the study of that crisis and the remedies and efforts at remedies which men all over the world have worked out and presented. We have a plan, a perfectly definite and concrete plan; we have put it before the people; and 450,000 voters have gone to the polls and said that they were for it.

It is an American plan. It has been especially worked out from that point of view. It is in line with our traditions of self-help and self-reliance. It makes use of no long foreign words and it says nothing about class struggle. It takes note of the fact that almost everybody in California is middle-class; even those who belong to the working class don't know it or won't admit it.

Many people question whether the plan will work. We who are promoting it intend to make it work. Thirty years ago I wrote, "Socialism is not a theory but an act of will." And we of the "End Poverty in California" movement know that we can do it, because we know ourselves and we know the people of our State. All through these dreadful five years of depression the people have been organizing and helping themselves. They have formed barter groups, and have managed to produce a little bit of this and that; they have overcome all the obstacles which business men and politicians have been able to put in their way. Now we are going to put the credit power of the State of California behind them, and they are going to expand into a giant cooperative in which 1,250,000 persons will take care of themselves.

We know something about the preparations our enemies are making to try to frighten the people. A confidential friend of ours has been inside the two rooms where they have prepared hundreds of forged photographs, showing, for example, such things as "Upton Sinclair trampling on the American flag at San Pedro." During the primary campaign it was charged that I was an agent of Moscow, and I have no doubt that before long they will produce plenty of letters to prove that I am directly in the pay of Stalin. They have charged that I am an atheist—and does it make any difference that several years ago I wrote the sentence, "An atheist is as dogmatic as any theologian"? They have been saying that I am a millionaire, and they will go on saying it—despite the fact that I was afraid to write a small check in New York, not being sure that I had the money in the bank at home. They have accused me of the dreadful offense of being a vegetarian—despite the fact that I abandoned this evil practice twenty-five years ago. I suppose I ought to be happy over the fact that the only true charge they have been able to bring against me so far is that I am a "believer in telepathy."

How much all this will frighten the people, who can say? To win the general election on November 6 we shall have to get about twice as many votes as we got at the primaries. We shall get a good many of the votes which went to our Democratic rivals, but three of the old-time Democratic politicians have already gone over to the enemy, and each will take a few of his followers with him. To make up for this we shall have to get the votes of the progressive Republicans; and of course we shall get many votes from persons who believe in our program but who didn't trouble to vote in the primary. Only 55 per cent of the registered voters voted in the primary, but in the general election the number ought to run to 75 per cent.

What can our friends in the East do for us? A few enthusiasts were all set to start a caravan of automobiles across the continent. I telegraphed our campaign committee to ask about that, and the answer was, "Newspapers already carrying the story 'Red Invasion Begins.'" You see, the only chance they have to beat us is to fasten the "red" label on us; and of course, to the California newspapers, anybody who comes from the East is a "red" if he brings any sort of an idea in his head. It is quite all right for our enemies to get millions of dollars from Wall Street to influence the California voters, but it would be a grave offense for any friend of social justice to come in and make speeches for us.

What our committee asks is that our friends in the East organize where they are and spread the good word in their home cities and States. We will send you the books at $50 per thousand, and we will send you our weekly newspaper, *Epic News*, at 2 cents a copy wholesale, profits all for the campaign.

Also, and above all, you can raise some money for us. We need money desperately, for it always has to be spent before we get it. Nobody in any of our headquarters gets any pay, but there are rent and telephone bills and postage and printing, and, above all, radio time. Our opponents have hired most of it, but there is still a little left—if we are quick. In order to engage time we have to pay cash in advance—no favors are granted to disturbers of the social order. The radio is the most powerful of all campaign weapons. The newspapers don't mention our Epic programs, but we get word to our clubs all over the State and they get busy on the telephone and so we have large audiences. What we need is to have a regular quarter-hour period every evening on a certain station; then gradually we can teach the whole State to listen in at that hour. Our friends in New York are proceeding to organize a New York Epic Committee. Once a group is started it will grow rapidly. At least it will unless there is a very great difference between the people of New York and those of California. Our name Epic means "End Poverty in California," but there is no reason why the slogan cannot be changed to read "End Poverty in Civilization."

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In the Driftway

THE Drifter would like to put into the evidence for this week a letter from an unhappy housewife whose complaint arouses an answering throb in his own bosom. "Can nothing be done," she asks, "to stop the offensive, highly costly, and altogether undesirable practice lately adopted by the makers of baker's bread of selling their loaves wrapped up in waxed paper and *already sliced?*" The Drifter, not being a man of action, does not know what can be done, but he is perfectly willing to agree that it is an outrage. His correspondent points out that bread sliced before it is sold becomes stale more quickly than bread sold in a whole loaf; and the slices are too thick for comfort—"but I suppose that is intentional, so that the loaf will be used up quicker." Obviously it is a plot on the part of wholesale baking companies to sell more of their second-grade product, and as such the Drifter deplores it as much as does the letter-writing lady. And quite apart from the frivolous suggestion of a friend (male) that he was most troubled by wondering how they could slice the loaves without cutting through the waxed paper, the whole matter is but another aspect of one of the most deplorable features of modern life, namely, the decline of bread.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter was a boy the bread was baked on Wednesdays and on Saturdays. Along about eleven o'clock in the morning it came out of the oven, brown and crisp, smelling sweetly to heaven. If a small boy was lucky enough to be around at that delightful time, he might get a slice hot, depending on the amiability of the cook; and if he did, it was better than turkey, ice cream, all-day suckers, and apple pie combined. But even when the bread was cold it was still good. It was solid, fine-grained; its crust was tough and demanded proper chewing. The slices were thick and large, and everybody ate a lot of them, with butter or gravy or jam. Incidentally it was made of white flour. Nobody had yet thought of the torture of subjecting the human race to "whole wheat." "Brown bread," in those days, meant something steamed in a round tin and served with baked beans on Saturday nights.

* * * * *

CONSIDER how far we have fallen from this high estate. In the first place, about half of us—most of the women and many of the men—are afraid to eat bread at all because of increasing avoirdupois. In the second place, we no longer make bread at home. We buy it at the corner grocery, a light, limp, coarse lump shot full of air and without any taste whatsoever. The Drifter has been told that bread nowadays is so poor because the flour is generally of an inferior grade. If this be taken as the fault of the milling and handling, and not as an aspersion on that noble plant, wheat, the Drifter is quite ready to believe it. But it is an indictment of modern man that he has been willing to sit spinelessly back and see the staff of life corrupted to the taste and consistency of a rather good grade of blotting paper, slightly salted. There is one minor silver lining to this important cloud. In certain sections of New York City inhabited by Hebrew or German families it is still possible to buy damp, heavy, crusty rye bread full of caraway seeds. Spread this thickly with sweet butter and it is really Not At All Bad!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Father Haas

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

Your issue of September 5 contains a letter by J. W. Edelman of the Federation of Hosiery Workers defending the Reverend F. J. Haas, federal mediator in the Minneapolis drivers' strike last month, against charges made in my article on the Minneapolis strike in the August 8 *Nation*. Mr. Edelman liked Father Haas's work as mediator in textiles and is sure he would have liked him in trucks. That may be. But the fact remains that Father Haas did try to put something over on the strikers, and since the writing of the article to which Mr. Edelman objects he has tried it again—and failed again.

The main facts of this second attempt are simple. A settlement drawn up by Father Haas and his colleague, E. H. Dunnigan, was accepted by the union and rejected by the bosses. Governor Olson declared martial law and for several weeks the troops pounded the strikers. Father Haas reappeared with a settlement of unknown origin which, he admitted, was bad for the union in many respects. When the strike leaders turned him down, Father Haas appealed over their heads to the rank-and-file strikers. They, through several score rank-and-file spokesmen, accused him of trying to put over on them an impossible settlement drawn up by the bosses. At the end of their questioning, Father Haas, a moral and almost a physical wreck, withdrew his indorsement of the scheme he had urged the strikers to adopt. He refused, however, to announce publicly this withdrawal and left it to the strikers to fight off an added charge, that they had rejected a settlement regarded as fair by the bosses and the federal mediators.

All the facts are printed in the August 14 issue of the *Organizer*, the daily strike bulletin of General Drivers' Local 574, Minneapolis. There are almost a hundred witnesses of what occurred when Father Haas faced the rank-and-file strike committee. He has never denied the charges, and it is too late for him to begin to do so now.

New York, September 8 HERBERT SOLOW

Polishing the "Silver Lining"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

The *Standard Oil Bulletin* for July, 1934, a monthly publication of the Standard Oil Company of California, proclaims the general strike in the San Francisco Bay area "a complete failure"; and congratulates its readers that "the record of a general strike never having succeeded is intact." The editorial article conveying so much good news is entitled The Silver Lining—which at least concedes a noticeable cloud in the industrial and economic sky of sunny California. The "complete failure" has also convinced the editor that "the public will not tolerate a general strike," and that for such a demonstration "the rest of the country owes something to California." Indeed, his eulogy of the "general public" becomes rhapsodic as he declares that "showing a spirit unsurpassed even in the Great War," they "gained a victory for law and order."

Roselle, N. J., September 6 ELIOT WHITE

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Labor and Industry

The Southern Worker Organizes

By OLIVER CARLSON

I'm a-going to starve,
Everybody will;
'Cause you can't make a living
In a cotton mill.

THE present textile strike really began on July 17, when about 24,000 workers in more than forty mills in northern Alabama voted to go out. For the first time in their lives these Southern workers left their looms and spindles to answer the strike call of the United Textile Workers; and it was the accumulated grievances and the great fervor of the newly organized South sweeping like a tide over the national convention that forced the general strike, with its basic demands for the thirty-hour week, a $12 minimum wage, elimination of the "stretch-out," reinstatement of union workers, and collective bargaining.

The spread of organization in the South is almost phenomenal. It is safe to say that more than 150,000 workers are already unionized in North and South Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Virginia. At the national convention there were 474 accredited delegates from the entire country. It was generally conceded that if every unit, particularly in the poverty-stricken South, had been able to send its full quota of delegates there would have been 3,000 or more.

The grievances of the South are deep and widespread. Before the NRA a few of the workers drew fair wages. Now the NRA minimum has become the general maximum. Delegates asserted that they could produce "bushel baskets full of pay envelopes" to prove this. The forty-hour week exists only on paper, and the stretch-out is worse than it has ever been. Delegates told of persons who are still working ninety hours per week; the following affidavits are two of many exhibited at the convention:

> I worked for the ——— Knitting Company in the finishing department. I was inspector.
>
> I could not make my percentage and I signed the "yellow-dog" contract quite a number of times, and Mr. C. in his speech instructed us not to punch our cards when we saw we could not make production and this I practiced for about two months.
>
> My percentage was so high I could not make it and I asked Mr. C. to have the rates changed and he would not do it and he told me to take care of the matter by not punching my card or I would lose my job, and this I have had to do ever since we have been on the eight-hour system and the percentage is much higher now than it was when we had ten hours.

In one Alabama mill, the workers reported, 1,600 employees are doing more work for less pay than in 1929, when 2,200 were employed.

The attitude of Southern mill-owners toward unionization has been amply demonstrated since the strike began. At present, according to the New York *Times,* in the Carolinas alone "the armed forces mobilized by the mills and the authorities to guard the plants have reached a total of 14,000, of which 10,000 are special deputies and the rest companies of the National Guard." The South is determined to preserve that "good, cheap, docile, white labor," with which it is able to draw textile manufacturers to its towns. For the migration of spindles into the cotton belt continues, and at an accelerating rate. The small-town chambers of commerce beckon, and the Northern capitalists come. Free sites, tax exemptions, and special rates on water and power are given with a lavish hand.

Last summer I saw a county courthouse turned into a shirt factory. The community was building a plant for a garment company. Meanwhile, in order to train a staff of workers, sewing-machines and other equipment had been installed in the courts of justice. Daily pep meetings were being conducted throughout the community, urging men and women to contribute to the factory-building fund or else to register at the courthouse and get six weeks' training "free."

Corinth, Mississippi, built a $150,000 plant and turned it over to an Eastern hosiery concern from Reading, Pennsylvania, which was trying to get away from the Hosiery Workers' Union. A Memphis paper recently carried this item:

> *Columbus, Miss., July 23:* Columbus business leaders have launched a drive to raise $96,000 in pledges to erect a garment-making plant for the Seminole Manufacturing Company, looking for a Southern home. Citizens are pledging from $1 to $50 per month for thirty months.

For the past fifteen years the story has been fundamentally the same in community after community throughout the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Once the mill or factory is established in such a small community, it becomes the axis around which the town moves. Town officials heed its every beck and call. The local newspaper shouts its praises. Most, if not all, of the local lawyers are given some small job to do from time to time. The shopkeepers and retired plantation owners are permitted to invest a little money in the concern. As for the newly created industrial wage-earners, they become more helpless than they ever were before. To go back to the soil is very hard; tradition as well as lack of funds prevents moving to another town; there is no other work to be had.

Not long ago I received this letter from a group of workers in a Southern mill town:

> KIND SIR: Just a few words to see if you can help us out. It was the plan for all cotton mill workers to get $12 per week. . . . I am sending you some of the pay envelopes to show you that some are only getting $8 per week for forty hours' work. Mister, to save your life, to save my life, I cannot support a family of nine or ten on this little wages.

The letter goes on to describe the stretch-out that is being forced upon them. Women and girls must run nine "sides" in the spinning room and from twenty-four to twenty-eight looms in the weaving shop. This, the workers claim, is almost a physical impossibility, but the bosses tell them to do it or get out. The letter concludes:

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> Please help us out. We are in need. Winter is near and so is school, and I know of people who cannot send their children to school. We are backing you with our prayers to God for you.

During an organization campaign which I conducted in the South last fall I received literally scores of similar letters from the mill towns of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana.

Despite the enactment of the NRA, peonage continues in the South; no other term can be used to describe the conditions imposed upon the mill and factory operatives. The June issue of the *Monthly Labor Review* shows that the six industries which pay the lowest average wages in the United States today are (1) cotton-seed oil, cake, and meal; (2) fertilizers; (3) turpentine and rosin; (4) cigars and cigarettes; (5) chewing and smoking tobaccos and snuff; (6) cotton goods. It is significant to note that all six of these industries are confined almost entirely to the South. In the cotton-goods industry Virginia, which paid the highest average hourly rate for the entire South, ranked well below Maine, which paid the lowest rate for the rest of the country. Alabama, which has enjoyed an influx of mills within the past decade, pays the lowest rate in the South, with South Carolina and Georgia ranking just above it.

The South is still primarily agricultural, but few people realize the speed of its industrial development. In 1880 the value of all manufactured goods produced in the South amounted to $338,000,000. By 1900 this had risen to $1,184,000,000. Since the turn of the century the pace has become even more rapid, so that today the value of its manufactured goods amounts to nearly $10,000,000,000, and its wage-earners number 1,588,000. From 1914 to 1930 the New England States lost 3.6 per cent of their wage-earners, the Middle Atlantic States gained 8.7 per cent, and the South gained 40 per cent. Owing to the phenomenal expansion of the automobile industry during this same period the eastern North Central States were able to show a somewhat larger gain than the South.

Two other facts may be cited to indicate the rapid economic development below Mason and Dixon's Line. Developed water power in the United States has increased far more rapidly in the Southern States during the past fifteen years than in any other part of the country. The per capita output of electric current by public-utility plants has increased more rapidly in the South since 1920 than in the country as a whole. This is all the more significant when it is realized that in the use of electricity for domestic purposes the South lags far behind any other part of the United States.

The cotton-textile industry is to the South what steel is to Gary, what automobiles are to Detroit. More than 300,000 workers are employed in its mills. Other allied industries play their part; knit goods, hosiery, clothing, rayon, and silk have joined the southward procession. The tobacco industries are confined almost exclusively to the Southern States. Lumbering and wood manufacturing are well developed. In fact, from 1900 to 1927 the South led the whole country in lumber production. It still produces about 40 per cent of the total for the United States. Birmingham, Alabama, has become one of the world's great iron and steel centers. Fifty years ago it was a sleepy village of 4,000 inhabitants. Today it boasts a population of 260,000, almost entirely accumulated during the past quarter-century. Coal and iron mines lie adjacent to the city's huge steel plants.

Since the textile industry dominates the Southern industrial scene, a brief survey of its development is pertinent to an understanding of the present wave of labor unrest. Such industry as had obtained a foothold in the Southern States prior to 1860 virtually passed out of the picture during the Civil War and the Reconstruction Period. Not until the close of the 1880's did industrialization get under way again. Logically enough, the first industry to develop was that of cotton-textile fabrication. New England had had a virtual monopoly in this field for many years. It soon found in its Southern competitor a dangerous rival. Although the industry as a whole grew rapidly, there was an even more rapid shift from North to South. Of the nine million spindles in the United States in 1880 only half a million were in the South—in North and South Carolina and to a lesser extent in Georgia—while the remaining eight and a half million were in New England. The value of the total output of the Southern mills at that time amounted to $13,000,000. Proportionately, this was much less than the spindle ratio would seem to indicate. By 1921 the South had 15,709,000 spindles and New England had 18,388,000. The New England mills, to save themselves, were compelled to concentrate on the production of finer cotton goods. The manufacture of coarse goods passed almost completely to the Southern mills.

The Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era witnessed the complete supremacy of the South. By the beginning of 1930 New England had lost nearly 6,000,000 spindles while the South had gained 3,000,000. The ratio then stood: New England, 12,538,000 spindles; the South, 18,541,000. Textile production took a tail-spin during 1930-32 along with all other industries. But note what happened! At the beginning of 1933 New England's active spindles had dropped to 7,228,000—1,250,000 less than in 1880—but Southern mills were using 16,858,000—more than two to one.

North and South Carolina are still the leading cotton-textile States, with 96,000 and 75,000 wage-earners respectively. But the trend westward has been very pronounced during the past fifteen years. Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana have seen mill after mill set up. The looms and spindles have crept deeper and deeper into the cotton-growing regions of the old South.

The Negro has always been considered in the South "God's gift to the white man." In view of the heavy Negro population, ranging from 18.3 per cent in Tennessee to 50.2 per cent in Mississippi, one would expect to find a very large percentage of Negroes working in the factories. Such is not the case. Only 31 per cent of the Southern Negroes live in urban centers. Most of these are employed as domestic servants or in other menial capacities. The industrial wage-earners are overwhelmingly white. In no industry, to my knowledge, do Negroes form even a substantial minority.

Not only is the Southern industrial worker white; he is also native-born of native stock. From 97 per cent to 99 per cent of the white population is so classified by the United States Census Bureau. The Slavs, the Italians, the Poles, the Irish, and the Germans are conspicuous by their absence from the industrial scene. Thus, for the first time in the history of the United States, we are witnessing the rise of a strictly American proletariat. They cannot go back to the land. They cannot migrate to new regions or to lands beyond the sea. Whether they like it or not, they must remain in the mill towns, tied to their looms and spindles. Without

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funds and without adequate guidance these men and women are nevertheless organizing into labor unions from the Carolina Piedmont to the Mississippi Valley. The day of "good, cheap, docile, white Southern labor" has ended.

Labor Notes

A New Strike Threatens

THE cotton-textile strike may be reinforced on October 1 by a walkout of cotton-garment employees. The cotton-garment manufacturers have threatened mass disobedience against the NRA's order to reduce the maximum work week from forty to thirty-six hours, but to preserve intact the present minimum wage rates of $12 and $13. In this strike, if it takes place, three unions—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the International Ladies' Garment Workers, and the United Garment Workers—will constitute a united front. Each has a foothold in certain segments of the industry, although the industry as a whole is not highly organized. Certain doubts may be raised as to the wisdom *per se* of shortening the work week in the cotton-garment industry. It is another embodiment of the "share-the-work" philosophy whose pertinence to a capitalistic recovery program is not quite clear. There is abundant evidence that the employers failed to comply with the original labor provisions of the code. Clearly, so long as the industry remains substantially unorganized on the labor side, the code provisions, no matter how generous, must remain a dead letter. Nevertheless, the employers' defiance will provide the unions involved with an opportunity to engage in an organizational drive. If the drive succeeds, this will not only benefit the cotton-garment wage-earners; it will also relieve the competitive pressure of cotton-garment merchandise produced at code minimums against other needle-trades merchandise produced at union wage scales. This, in the last analysis, is the fundamental question in the controversy: Can industry survive half unionized and half open-shop? Shall manufacturers who honestly subject themselves to trade-union standards be exposed to the competition of manufacturers operating under much lower code standards?

The Automobile Code

DURING the last week in August representatives of the automobile manufacturers and of the A. F. of L. automobile workers' union appeared, separately, in Washington. The union men met and discussed what improvements they ought to urge for the code that would succeed the one due to expire on September 4. They considered the question of shorter hours, higher wages, and seasonal employment. The Administration had long ago disapproved the merit clause, and had recently come out against averaging of hours, both of which were in the code. Probably therefore, so the unions argued, the manufacturers would ask to have the code extended till June, 1935, though they would be glad to get rid of it altogether. On September 1 General Johnson recommended extending the code for sixty or ninety days; President Roosevelt extended it sixty. There was no public hearing at which the union could present its demands, but the Administration can hardly avoid one in October, when renewing the code for seven months is to be discussed. The unions may be better off than if the Administration had chosen ninety days, which would have put the hearing off until after the elections. But the round goes to the manufacturers. The code was renewed for sixty days instead of nine months, the industry may refuse a further extension, and the President may fail to impose a code. It was renewed unconditionally; this endows the averaging and merit clauses with a degree of Administration approval. The renewal postpones for nearly sixty days the union's chance to raise effectively the question whether the Automobile Labor Board is upholding Section 7-a. If the board is to be reorganized, it should be done well before the winter, when men are taken on and chances for discrimination increase.

Injunctions in New Jersey

NEW JERSEY'S antiquated chancery courts still function well and unceasingly in the issuance of drastic anti-labor injunctions. Vice-Chancellor Charles M. Egan, who already has a long string of strike-breaking ukases to his discredit, on two successive days recently gave utterance to enjoinders which must rank with the most unfair in labor history. It will be remembered that the right of picketing was the issue at stake in the Miller Furniture Company case in Jersey City last spring. This was recently settled by the federal District Court in Newark, which ruled that the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act was applicable and protected the Furniture Workers' Industrial Union. It was the climax of a long fight waged by organized labor and the American Civil Liberties Union to establish the right of picketing. The very next day, however, Vice-Chancellor Egan, at the instance of the Restful Slipper Company of Jersey City, issued an injunction against the United Shoe and Leather Workers' Union, an independent organization, restraining members from even communicating to anyone the fact that there was collective-bargaining trouble at the plant. The following day Egan issued a similar injunction against 20,000 Paterson silk dye workers who had threatened to join the textile strike.

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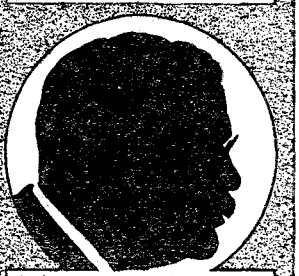
If Pepys had lived in the White House, he would have written just such a book as this.

FORTY-TWO YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

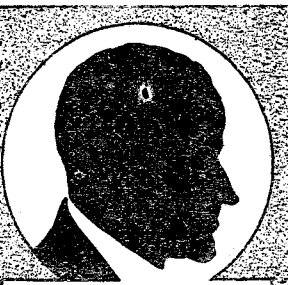
In his day the White House boasted one bath-room and six domestics. . . . It was just like one big family.

He kept his coat pocket filled with fine cut chewing tobacco . and often worked all night.



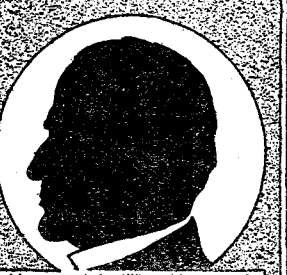
In his worst temper he was calm compared to Coolidge. . . His children took their pony for rides in the elevator.

When he was courting, orchids and golf came ahead of affairs of State.



He traded at Piggly Wigglys and had his hair cut while at breakfast. . . .

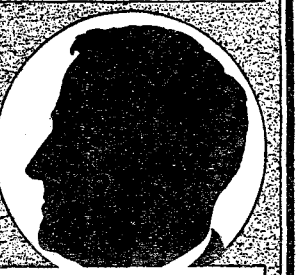
He surrounded himself with "yes men" Of all Presidents, he worked the hardest and was the hardest to work for



He entered the White House as if he were true master of the situation. . . . But he was a martyr to his wife.

He said he was tired of being kicked around. . . . The White House tub wasn't big enough for him.

He could rave about the least of things, but he was soon over it. . . . General Sawyer delivered twenty-four barrels of whiskey. . . .



His call on President Hoover was tense . . . His wife ordered hot-dogs for the Inaugural Reception.

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* * * * *

Other new books of interest to Nation readers include: OLIVER CROMWELL by John Buchan, the story of one of the most successful dictators in history (Illustrated $4.50); NO MAN IS SINGLE by Stuart Hawkins, a distinguished first novel which reviewers compare to Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" ($2.50); RICO by Fierro Blanco, the story of a Spanish American bandit-dictator, by the author of "The Journey of the Flame" ($2.00); THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES edited by Edward J. O'Brien, and including stories by such authors as Caldwell, Faulkner, Callaghan, Komroff and many younger writers ($2.50); RIDERS OF THE SKY by Leighton Brewer, a magnificent narrative poem describing the life and adventures of a young American aviator in the World War ($2.50); and LISZT by Sacheverell Sitwell ($4.00).

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Books and Drama

The World's Great Age

These Hurrying Years. By Gerald Heard. Oxford University Press. $3.

THOSE who read "The Ascent of Humanity" know Gerald Heard's gift for bold and interesting speculation. They may also feel that his striking generalizations are sometimes almost too facile, and in his new volume they will find both his virtues and his defects conspicuously exhibited. As to its vivid interest there can hardly be two opinions, but as to its soundness there may possibly be several. At moments his prophecy takes on an almost apocalyptic strain, and the effect will depend largely upon the reader. Some will be quite swept away; others may only be inclined to murmur, "Important if true."

In external form "These Hurrying Years" belongs with the various popular books dealing with recent history, but it differs from the others in two important respects. In the first place, its stress is upon crucial events instead of, as the custom has been, upon fads, fashions, and other picturesque superficialities. In the second place, the record is presented in accordance with a quasi-mystical philosophy of history which is then projected forward into prophecy. We are faced, so Mr. Heard insists, not with a crisis in human affairs but with *the* crisis. The accelerated rate of increase in the efficiency of the machine and in our ability to control nature is one thing, but it is almost unimportant by comparison with an entirely new insight into human psychology and an entirely new metaphysical knowledge of the relationship between mind and what used to be called external reality. To him—rather more clearly and rather more indubitably than to most thinkers—the new physics, the new psychology, and the new metaphysics all fit together in a fashion which shows conclusively that the development of civilization is not a process in the course of which man learns to adapt himself to the conditions imposed by a static reality external to himself, but rather a process in the course of which reality is at least modified in accordance with his conception of it. An epoch which began with the Paleolithic Age ended with the Victorian era, and our generation is set apart from all previous history by the following three things:

> . . . (i) our generation's growth in self-knowledge, (ii) its discovery of where are to be sought the hidden springs of human motive (though they are yet to be mapped and their volumes gauged), and even more fundamental and more consequential, (iii) the discovery which unites the new self-knowledge with the outer knowledge, the discovery that not only is our most detached observation of the outer world an act of creative selection but that that selection is made because of and through a fundamental relatedness between inner consciousness and outward experience, between "mind" and "matter."

Holding these convictions, Mr. Heard regards as mere symptoms what are commonly called the "causes" of the present world disorder. Wars, economic maladjustments, and the threatened breakdown of democratic government are not the disease. They are the outward disturbances which arise as the result of a certain failure of nerve. Instead of using the new powers and, above all, the new consciousness, we are appalled by the responsibilities entailed. Instead of molding the universe by our understanding of it, we are reduced to panic by the tendency of the "hard reality" to dissolve. Political regressions into dictatorships of one kind or another are merely manifestations in one field of a general tendency to turn back because we are afraid to look forward; but they can solve nothing. The new world must be created from within not from without. It can only come into being after the mind has accepted its creative responsibilities, only after it has accepted the fact that not merely political institutions but even Nature herself takes form in accordance with the forms of our consciousness.

It must be admitted of course that even the most elusive and tenuous of Mr. Heard's metaphysical ideas are not his alone. Other philosophers have recently asserted his most revolutionary proposition, which in effect abolishes the distinction between subject and object by attributing to the consciousness a function far more active than that of merely being aware of reality, and by insisting that the one interpenetrates the other to such an extent that reality tends to become what the human mind is capable of understanding it to be; even if it is not—as popular pseudo-religions tend to suggest—exactly responsive to the whims of the individual who can banish a toothache by not believing in it. I suspect, however, that comparatively few people are yet ready to accept both the very newest and most revolutionary theories of physics and the boldest speculations of the most adventurous metaphysicians as simple, all-but-indubitable facts. Mr. Heard apparently is, to an extent which would, for example, appall an Einstein or a Planck. But unless one does so accept them, his book becomes in places at least a flight into regions where the air is so thin that the brain reels and one returns to earth with the sense that one has been on an interesting adventure of which not much more can be said.

On the other hand Mr. Heard's sketch of recent history seems remarkably well informed, and in general it must be said that the closer he is to events, the more illuminating and convincing he is. To me at least his comments upon communism, fascism, and the causes of both seem exceptionally fresh and interesting. He sees humanitarianism, the great force of the nineteenth century, temporarily defeated when it came up against what were regarded as unescapable realities both of human nature and the economic processes. The result of this defeat was the development of the two falsely opposed political philosophies, which are alike in a boasted "realism" and in a complete surrender to alleged inevitabilities which involves the abandonment of all the original aims of revolution. The humanitarian became convinced that he must turn "realist," but he failed to observe that in so doing he can set up no new state which is not characterized by most of the defects of the old. Nor does one have to follow Mr. Heard in all his conclusions to see that he very tellingly analyzes the failure of both communism in Russia and fascism in Italy and Germany. The two fascist states are merely attempts to set the clock back. The rulers of Russia have not discovered any means of achieving their ends which do not—*vide* the suppressions, brutalities, and tyrannies—have the fatal defect of deliberately destroying what they are attempting to reach.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Schoolmaster's Holiday

Black Monastery. By Aladar Kuncz. Translated from the Hungarian by Ralph Murray. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.75.

IT is not until one has got through almost the whole first half of this book that its curious mixture of naive charm and macabre horror begins to have its proper effect. For one thing the situation is of a type that requires a certain length of time to unfold itself—a group of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians trapped in France in July, 1914, and condemned to imprisonment for the remainder of the war. The personalities of the different members of the group, their efforts at adjustment

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in the various internment camps to which they are sent, the intense relationships that spring up among them—these constitute the substance of the work, and these do not take shape until we are well settled with the author in the dank and sinister barracks of Noirmeutier, the Black Monastery of the title. Another reason for the early lack of interest is an impatience with the type of passive and ineffectual intellectual with which the author identifies himself in the opening pages. A little Hungarian schoolmaster touring Normandy and keeping up with the latest in French verse, Aladar Kuncz offers no great resistance when the authorities of his *pays du cœur* hasten him off to a four years' sojourn in what prove to be some of the worst prison holes in Europe. There is none of the protest, none of the propagandist ardor which usually serves as a balm for bruised sensibilities in works of this sort. In fact, the absence of indignation even makes us wonder a little concerning the author's intelligence.

But gradually it becomes apparent that what gives a very special quality to the book is precisely this lack of any kind of intellectual attitude, this air of innocence betrayed, which comes to us like the breath of a lost world. Certainly no such melancholy surprise would be possible to the intellectual of our own day in the same circumstances. The gentleness of this frustrated Hungarian aesthete has all the pathos of the archaic. For Kuncz imprisonment meant a first encounter with the world; the nasty little worlds of Noirmeutier and L'Ile d'Yeu became *the* world; and he was forced to see it in a harder and clearer light than he was ever prepared to see it. It is because he communicates so successfully his own wide-eyed surprise and terror before the discovery that he manages to make us rediscover what we have already known, or think we have known, all along. This is nowhere better illustrated than in his portrait of the female impersonator Dr. Kurz—a portrait which is none the less unforgettable for the author's complete mystification concerning his subject.

Meaning enough may be found in the book by those who prefer to derive from Kuncz's experience a lesson in the futility of the submerged class to which he belonged. It is even possible that the American publishers, in bringing out this translation at this time, are playing upon a fear that may exist subconsciously in the minds of good, kindly, sensitive people—school teachers, writers, liberal-minded thinkers—everywhere in the world at present. For them this record of an initiation into the infernal mysteries may take on the significance of a warning. What Kuncz's beautiful little book brings out, among other important things, is the complete irrelevance of everything that we mean by taste and fine sensibility in a world in which such things as he describes can take place. WILLIAM TROY

A Footnote on Religion

A Common Faith. By John Dewey. Yale University Press. $1.50.

THIS little volume, embodying the Terry Lectures of Yale University on science and religion, is something of a footnote on religion added by America's leading philosopher to his life work in philosophy. Inasmuch as Dewey's empiricism and naturalism are in more obvious conflict with the presuppositions of the historic religions than the older idealism, this footnote has long been awaited with interest. Dr. Dewey's Gifford Lectures, published under the title "The Quest for Certainty," disappointed those who expected him to deal with the religious problem specifically in them. His present volume is disappointing only in the sense that it is too brief to do full justice to the problem or allow the author scope in elaborating his thesis on religion.

His thesis can be briefly stated: There is no specific religious experience and no specific religious object. But all experience contains a religious element, and it is directed toward an aspect of reality which may be defined as "the unity of all ideal ends arousing us to desire and action." The expression of this religious element in experience must be emancipated from the claim of monopoly of historic religions upon it; and this task of emancipation belongs to modern culture and philosophy. The emancipation is necessary for three reasons: (1) The religious element in experience is vital only when it is organic to the whole of man's experience and therefore atrophies when the effort is made to cultivate it as an end in itself. (2) Historic religions are all supernatural, implying that "ideals are real not as ideals but as antecedently existing actualities." Thus faith "that something should be in existence as far as lies in our power is changed into the intellectual belief that it is already in existence." (3) Historic religions suffer from an encumbrance of incredible mythical beliefs at variance with the facts revealed by modern science and a heritage of dogmatism in conflict with the freedom required by, and achieved in, modern science.

Of the three objections to historic religions Dr. Dewey's criticism of supernaturalism is most central to his own philosophical position. His own view of the relation of ideals to reality, he thinks, may be regarded by more vigorous naturalists as "an emotional hangover from childhood indoctrination." Religion is "whatever introduces genuine perspective . . . into the piecemeal and shifting episodes of existence," or again, "any activity pursued in behalf of an ideal end against obstacles and in spite of threats of personal loss because of conviction of its general and enduring value is religious in quality." The two legitimate aspects of religion are thus the poetic perspective which brings order and meaning into total experience and the moral vitality expressed in devotion to ideals. Dr. Dewey's emphasis upon the first point brings him really closer to qualified theists than to humanistic dualists. He wants religion to include nature as a realm of value and meaning. "The essentially unreligious attitude is that which attributes human achievement and purpose to man in isolation from the world of physical nature and his fellows." He thinks that "militant atheism is also affected by a want of natural piety. The ties binding man to nature that poets have celebrated are passed over lightly." His "God" is not merely the unity of all ideals projected by the moral imagination but "it is this active union of the ideal and the actual to which I would give the name of 'God.'" "A religious attitude . . . needs the sense of a connection of man in the way of both dependence and support with an enveloping world that the imagination feels is a universe." Dr. Dewey insists, in other words, that religion is not only devotion to ideal ends which transcend the world of reality but appreciation of the real world as a realm of value and meaning, that is, as a universe.

This kind of credo comes closer than Dr. Dewey is willing to admit to the primary tenets of prophetic religion. Dr. Dewey may insist that he does not believe in the ideals as "antecedently existing actualities," but he does believe in a world in which the possibility of realizing ideals exists. He believes in appreciating the world of nature as a realm of meaning even where it does not obviously support man's moral enterprise but is in conflict with it. This is the kind of faith which prophetic religion has tried to express mythically and symbolically by belief in a God who is both the creator and the judge of the world, that is, both the ground of its existence and its *telos*.

It is questionable whether the supernature against which Dr. Dewey protests, a realm of being separate from the natural world and interfering in its processes, is really the kind of supernature about which really profound prophetic religion speaks. Its God is not a separate existence but the ground of existence.

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Prophetic religion contrives to express in its paradoxes faith both in a meaningful universe and in a dynamic one which has not exhausted the meaning suggested in its actual realities. This kind of faith is not arrived at by a scientific observation of the detailed facts of existence. It is an a priori involved in all knowledge and action, since both knowledge and purposeful action presuppose a meaningful world. To use Dr. Dewey's own phrase, "the *imagination feels* that [the world] is a universe."

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

Roots of National Socialism

Hitler—Whence and Whither? By Wickham Steed. Review of Reviews Corporation. $1.50.

NATIONAL SOCIALIST literature has produced numerous discussions of what its writers are pleased to call "Hitler's philosophical system." Wickham Steed is the first, to my knowledge, to have undertaken this task from an opposition point of view and in the English language. He sees National Socialism as the outgrowth of the doctrines of Alexandre de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, colored by the pan-Germanism of Dr. von Schönerer and the anti-Semitism of Karl Lüger, the Austrian political leaders from whom the young Hitler received the powerful political impressions which gave direction to his later development. Gobineau's work in the middle of the last century probably laid the foundation for the conception of Aryan racial superiority which Mr. Steed considers the fundamental social and political tenet of the Third Reich. Chamberlain, who exchanged his British birthright for German citizenship in the eighties and spent the latter half of his life in Germany, was the most efficient promulgator of the idea of Teutonic supremacy.

"Hitler—Whence and Whither?" is an analysis of the fundamental social and governmental ideas of Hitlerite Germany against the background of these philosophical systems, but it fails to substantiate the promise of its sweeping title. It must fail, in my opinion, because the author seeks to establish a philosophical system where there is only the "systemlessness" of rank opportunism. Hitler's political strength lies in the fact that he had no unified philosophical conception, that with the unerring instinct of the arrant demagogue he took from each what at the moment promised the greatest and most immediate return. Fascism, socialism, nationalism, militarism, Aryanism, and anti-Semitism are all definite concepts around which a unified *Weltanschauung* may be developed. National Socialism accepts them all: nationalism, because post-war conditions developed the inherent nationalism of the German until it overshadowed every other impulse in the nation's life; and militarism because the parade exceeds every other form of propaganda in the potency of its appeal. With a "national" socialism Hitler appealed to those masses who, though they still believed in the fundamental philosophy of socialism, had lost faith in its leadership and were looking elsewhere for quicker results. With his anti-Semitism, perhaps the only real conviction in the collection of opinions Hitler espouses, he swept the middle class off its feet. The fundamental fascist philosophy, on which National Socialism is based, is his contribution to Germany's industrialists, who see in the corporative state the only alternative to social revolution.

The reader who ignores this fundamental contradiction in Mr. Steed's nevertheless valuable contribution to anti-fascist literature will read this book, particularly its chapters on the Nordic Legend, Mass Suggestion and Persecution Mania, and the Third Empire and the Totalitarian State with profit and intellectual enjoyment. Mr. Steed's long years of experience on the Continent as European correspondent and later as editor of th London *Times,* his World War activities, and his special

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knowledge of Vienna at the time when it was setting its mark on Hitler's mind guarantee a vivid presentation of facts even where one does not accept the author's conclusions.

LUDWIG LORE

Prosperity Regained

The Coming American Boom. By L. L. B. Angas. Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

FOR those who believe in the efficacy of monetary measures as a cure for the depression Mr. Angas has written a significant nd highly encouraging volume. Its importance lies in the fact that it is both a sympathetic interpretation of the Administration's financial policies, in itself a rarity, and a prediction that these policies will usher in a period of unparalleled prosperity. For Wall Street brokers and their clients, jaded by a never-ending stream of "confidential" memoranda predicting an imminent breakdown, this is indeed a refreshing view. And there is just enough truth in the analysis to make it intriguing to honest observers who are striving to anticipate the probable trend of events.

The basis of Mr. Angas's optimism is simple. He sees the primary factor in the termination of all depressions to be what he terms "redundancy of money." Non-monetary factors, such as war debts, tariffs, and other dislocations in the economic structure, may cause slumps, but the immediate factor in the upward turn is always monetary. In the past the accumulation of surplus funds has come about through the natural decline of prices and trade, but it can also be achieved by means of the inflation of currency or credit. While he admits that no inflation has occurred so far, he insists that the accumulation of bank deposits and idle bank reserves is bound, sooner or later, to lead to rising prices and a revival in business activity. That this has not occurred to date is immaterial; the pressure exists, and while it takes a certain amount of time for it to be effective, the result is inevitable.

To most economists this view will seem incomparably naive. The expansion and contraction of bank credit are indices of business opportunity, not the cause of it. If it could be shown that the New Deal was placing more purchasing power in the pockets of the population as a whole, there would be some justification for Mr. Angas's thesis. But with living costs rising more rapidly than wages and salaries, and government expenditures on the decline, his whole case becomes fantastic.

It is difficult to understand how a book which is so wholly unrealistic should be enjoying such a wide sale. Perhaps it is because a sympathetic and reasonably coherent interpretation of the Administration's policies is long overdue. A modern psychologist would be more likely, however, to attribute the book's popularity to the influence of wishful thinking.

MAXWELL S. STEWART

Dark-brown Tragedy

Now in November. By Josephine Johnson. Simon and Schuster. $2.

FOR some reason the first object of many beginning writers at the moment seems to be Style, and particularly if the writer is feminine, the fashion—beginning perhaps with Vi ginia Woolf—seems to require a sort of drugged running lilt that never takes a breath. Miss Johnson, apparently, borrows the prolonged accent of Irish keening to tell a story of mortgages, drought, and agricultural disparity, not to mention fire, insanity, and suicide on a Missouri farm.

It is too bad that Style wags the story, for beneath the unflagging dark-brown manner can be discerned the faint outlines of real substance. Miss Johnson seems to have a feeling for her Missouri hill farm; she has observed a true type of American farmer in the dry and grittily humorous character of Grant Koven; Merle Haldmarne sometimes comes alive as a robust farm girl; and even Kerren, who goes insane, is recognizable at moments as a rebellious midland off-type. But the strained effort at darksome poetic tragedy leaves these realities mute beneath the surface. And we are not certain even what the tragedy really turns on, whether economic or natural disaster, unrequited love, or congenital human flaws. None of these factors is investigated to its source. Everything swims in a sort of brown soup, like the palette of a bad period of painting.

May we hope that Miss Johnson, who obviously has talent and something to write about, may forget the grand manner when she writes her next book, and listen instead for the real tones and overtones of her material?

FERNER NUHN

An Aesthetic Dish

Plastic Redirections in 20th Century Painting. By James Johnson Sweeney. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

IN this pretentious tract Mr. Sweeney undertakes to analyze the abstract elements of modern painting from the collapse of impressionism to the ultimate absurdities of sur-realism. He uses the aesthetic slang of the professors of pure art with exceptional ease, and has every confidence that his felicitous gabble about plasticity and architectonics has a direct bearing on the meaning and purpose of art. It might, indeed, have a very intimate bearing on one side of art if he were not committed to the theory that design is essentially a manifestation of structural eccentricity.

Mr. Sweeney is obviously familiar with the terminology of the professional aesthetes, but his writing discloses little understanding of the relation of the composed picture to the experienced facts of life, and little knowledge of art as an activity proceeding from and affecting the lives of men. He restricts the meaning of art to the recognition of its abstract basis, attaches fabulous and unintelligible merits to the infantile fancies of Rousseau and to amusing African sculptures, believes in the symbolical litter of the sur-realists, and arrives at the conclusion that "the twentieth century has been characterized by a return to a new archaism, a pre-logical mode of expression"—whatever that may signify. Surely, in this troubled modern world, we should all rejoice that at last art has something to offer humanity—a new archaism, a pre-logical mode of expression!

Surely we should be profoundly comforted by the information that "Matisse and the Fauves, seeking a means to thaw conventionalized visual concepts and build up new plastic entities, were given their lead by Oriental art to an exploitation of this very process in the inverse direction." The sentence is typical. We should be grateful to Mr. Sweeney for his breadth of vision, his depth of feeling, his visual penetration.

Stripped of its esoteric chuckles and its show of erudition, this book is no more than a belated plea for that form of art appreciation in which none but the specialist can participate. Mr. Sweeney is a worshiper of structure—not structure employed as an instrument of communication, but structure in the abstract. He is interested only in how things are put together, in methods operating on other methods, in tidy little jobs of coordination. His efforts to reduce the higher values of art to the whimsical juggling of particles of dead matter will deceive no one; for few will have the patience to read him, and no one reading him will be convinced save those pathetic painters who

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must lean upon Picasso or die. His tract is a museum dish for pallid aesthetes with no stomach for an art enriched by the impurities of the real world, a morsel of consolation for those whose convictions and investments are at stake.

THOMAS CRAVEN

Recent Fiction

Grammar of Love. By Ivan Bunin. Translated by John Cournos. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.

These short stories are psychological studies of the effect of sudden love upon the person frustrated by that love. And love, for Bunin, is always an abrupt and violent awakening. Never does it spring from slow-growing friendship; and though the lovers may not see each other again, though life may flow on conventionally thereafter, the moment of physical delight is not lost. The stories are quietly told. If the action reaches a moment of hysteria, this moment is described briefly. In the story called Sunstroke the account of the hours of love is given in a page. Then the nameless Russian heroine vanishes. There follows a penetrating analysis of the frustration of the sophisticated lieutenant as he goes about the little town determined to conquer his absurd emotion, every aspect of the town heightened by the experience of love which he would deny as anything other than trivial but which he cannot put out of mind. The unforgettable scenes in these tales are those in which the author, with perfect insight, presents action or speech against a sensory background. Sight, sound, taste, smell are a part of every high-pitched emotional moment. The little town on the Volga, the railroad station, the night at sea, the green Russian estate, the great Novosilsk road are indelible living pictures. Atmosphere here is not merely local color; it is an integral part of every complex experience. In point of view and in technique Bunin belongs of course to the old Russian tradition. He has not the imaginative power of the greatest of the Russian novelists but he has perfect mastery of the short story. Indeed, his powers seem best displayed in this concentrated form.

Love on the Dole. By Walter Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This first novel by a young English workingman is well worth the reading because of its authentic treatment of the lives of working people. Walter Greenwood is not always master of narrative technique. The structure of his novel builds to no climax in action or in thought. But his book is so honest, his characters are so real and their lives and speech so soundly portrayed, that occasional slips in technique can be overlooked. He sometimes stops over-long to describe a scene rather than to translate it into action; his expository introductions to chapters could be omitted or made an intrinsic part of his story; but these are faults due merely to inexperience. Hanky Park, that district which is one of the many industrial townships comprising the Two Cities, is the scene; and the scene is filled with tired old women, overworked middle-aged men, young boys who dream of being engineers only to have their dream realized too soon and too sordidly, their initiation into manhood forced by drudgery and responsibility. As for these young boys' sisters, still young enough to be unafraid and beautiful, they too must enter a life made up of poverty and insecurity. Mr. Greenwood is himself a young man. He sees that youth among the working class is only the briefest of illusions. But he is not bitter, nor is he given to propaganda. He describes youth tenderly and pityingly, but not sentimentally. Yet his book, because of the story it tells, is the best kind of propaganda. It teaches, as all art teaches, through its honesty of representation, its wholeness of conception. "Love on the Dole" is truly moving.

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Prayer for the Living. By Bruce Marshall. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This novel is a satirical, yet tender study of life in a Scottish preparatory school. The boys are presented with standards—patriotic, moral, religious. Presently they will emerge from this sheltered atmosphere into a world at war. The school is a little world in itself, and this little world reflects the real one only idealistically. The masters, the pastors, the pupils, all live in an immediate present. Boys must be taught sports, they must read books, they must learn religious creeds. What happens to them afterward is in God's hands. Bruce Marshall handles his material with much understanding. Here are pathos and satirical wit. Unobtrusively the author builds up the sinister background of the war. All his characters live. Their talk is authentic school talk—of trivial things, of school discipline, of confirmation, of a love affair between one of the young teachers, about to leave for the war, and the headmaster's daughter. Mr. Marshall has made real and moving this picture of a group of innocents, young and old, pirouetting on the edge of a precipice.

Harvest in the North. By James Lansdale Hodson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"Harvest in the North" is a sociological novel, a study of the Lancashire mills in the years of the cotton boom and crash. It has the fault common to such studies: since the characters in so far as they represent different groups do not, and perhaps cannot, know each other, the plot is not "woven" so much as it is built up in layers. But Mr. Hodson handles his characters so well, whatever their class, that his book is worth reading chiefly for the people in it. The author allows himself the privilege, which was always granted to the eighteenth-century novelist, of explaining his theme, pointing his moral, and indicating his philosophy. Throughout the narrative he intersperses long expository passages and thoughtful observations which are often interesting but tend to retard the flow. Unfortunately Mr. Hodson's talent for creating atmosphere is limited. The mill does not become, as perhaps the author intended, the protagonist in the book. The writing on the whole is smooth, though the prose is not distinguished and trite phrases creep in. Obviously the author knows more about the people of Lancashire than about the economic forces that affect them. He is mainly concerned with the intricacies of character and the manner in which disastrous circumstances heighten or submerge human qualities.

Contributors to This Issue

DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY has just completed a new book on birth control, of which her article in this issue forms a chapter. The book will be published this fall by Harper & Brothers under the title "Birth Control: Its Use and Misuse."

LOUIS FISCHER is the Moscow correspondent of *The Nation.*

UPTON SINCLAIR is the Democratic candidate for Governor of California.

OLIVER CARLSON, formerly research associate at the University of Chicago, has just returned from a two years' stay in the South.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR, professor of applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary, is the author of "Reflections on the End of an Era."

LUDWIG LORE, formerly the editor of the New York *Volkszeitung,* now conducts a daily column, "Behind the Cables," in the New York *Post.*

THOMAS CRAVEN is the author of "Men of Art."

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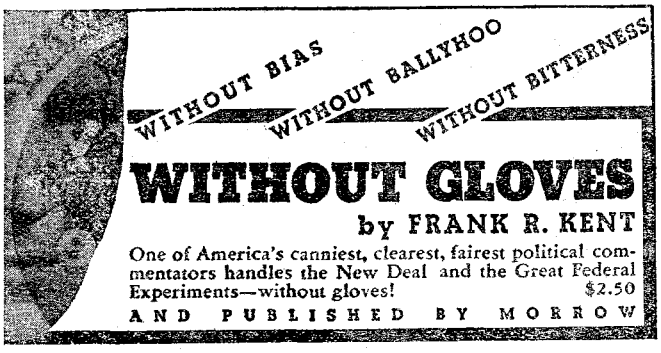
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Drama

In Them Hills

A GOOD deal of earnest work has obviously gone into the making of "Tight Britches" (Avon Theater). John Tainter Foote evidently studied his Smoky Mountains with the scientific eye of the professional folklorist and then, with the aid of his collaborator, Hubert Hayes, followed skilfully the accepted rules of good play-making. As a result, his tragic melodrama has about all the virtues possible to a piece from which the spark of genuine inspiration is lacking. The language is richly picturesque, the characters are as convincing as study can make them, and the action is rather more compelling than one would expect in advance from what is, after all, only a very workman-like synthesis of pretty familiar situations. Thanks, in addition, to sound acting by the whole cast and to one performance on the part of Frank Camp which is rather more than that, the whole thing is convincing enough to deserve the success which it has at least a fair chance of achieving. Yet the fact remains that for all its useful virtues "Tight Britches" never lifts itself to the level of anything really memorable.

Inevitably a comparison with "Tobacco Road" suggests itself. For all I know to the contrary, the latter, with its emphasis on the degradation of characters below the human level, may be less "true to life." If the younger personages in "Tight Britches" look, for all their rags and their accents, just a bit too civilized, it may very well be that they are still less distorted than Erskine Caldwell's unforgettable grotesques. But that is not the point. The fact remains that Caldwell writes like a man possessed, while the Messrs. Foote and Hayes are only competent workmen. Caldwell projects a vision so powerful and so self-consistent that one hardly cares whether or not it corresponds to anything outside itself. The world of his imagination exists because he described it, even if it exists nowhere else, and that is enough. No one is likely to forget "Tobacco Road"; no one is likely to confuse it with any other play. "Tight Britches," on the other hand, falls readily into a familiar classification. It may be—indeed, it is—a good deal better than most of the plays it reminds one of, but it is only better in the same way that the others are more or less good. The authors have no new vision, and hence the spectator, however well his interest may be held, receives no new experience.

In "Lady Jane" (Plymouth Theater)another competent cast of well-known players struggles manfully to earn for a very conventionally smart comedy the success which it is said to have achieved in London. Perhaps Frances Starr, for all her ability and charm, is slightly too grave to realize the effect which Marie Tempest is alleged to have produced in England, but it is difficult to see how any performance could be right enough to make one forget how well worn the situations are or how mechanically the epigrams repeat the familiar themes. The story is one of those which deal with the doings of the younger generation as seen and rebuked by their more sophisticated if more conservative elders. At any moment the moral might be one thing or another, but it turns out in the end to be that if one really must commit adultery on the side it is just as well not to be too open about it. To me, at least, the dialogue seemed pretty stodgy-brilliant, but tastes differ; and as I was making my way back to my seat for the last act I overheard a fragment of lobby conversation. Said one gentleman to his companion: "There's some good lines in this show, like when that guy said, 'Every woman is an undiscovered country. . . .'"

The D'Oyly Carte company is continuing with its most admirable revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Martin Beck.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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